



HISTORIA



A  
CONTINAVATION  
*of the Subject of.*  
LUCAN'S Historicall  
Poem till the Death of  
M. LIVS CÆSER

*The 2<sup>d</sup> Edition*  
*Corrected & amended.*  
*by J. M. 1633*

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TO THE  
MOST HIGH  
AND MIGHTY  
MONARCH  
CHARLES  
BY THE GRACE  
of God, King of Great  
Brittaine, France and  
Ireland, &c.

SIR,



SHOULD haue  
taught my humble  
labours a lower pre-  
sumption than to  
haue approached  
your sacred hand, if I had one.

## *The Epistle*

ly weighed mine owne weaknesse and disabilitie ; but the dignitie of this subiect did somewhat encourage mee , being a remainder of that great History, whose former part was so richly dressed in the happie conceits, and high raptures of that Noble L V C A N : of whose abilitie in writing I was not so ambitious in emulation, as officious in desire, to continue so stately an argument for your Princely care ; with what successe I haue performed it, your Maiesties acceptation onely can determine ; to whom if it present but the least delight, my end is accōplished, for which I haue runne so great a hazard

## Dedatory.

zard, as (perchance) to be censured  
a foile onely to *Lucan's* lustre; and  
chose rather to fall vnder the  
weight of a great argument, than  
to present a meane one to so high  
a hand: your Maiesties renowned  
worth, and Heroicall vertues  
(the perfection of minde meeting  
in you with the height of Fortune)  
may make you securely delighted  
in the reading of great actions; to  
whom I humbly present this weake  
Worke, beseeching Almighty  
**GOD** long to establish your  
Maiesties Throne vpon earth, en-  
riching it with blessings of the  
right hand and the left; and  
after to Crowne you with  
in-

*The Epistle, &c.*

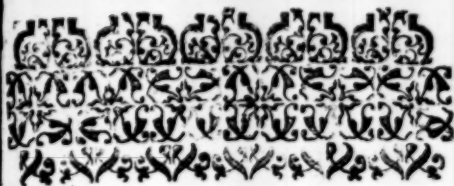
incorruptible Glorie : So pray-  
eth;

*Your Maiesties*

*most humble subject,*

THO. MAY.

The  
Tet  
I for  
On  
His  
Hea



THE  
COMPLAINT  
OF CALLIOPE  
AGAINST THE  
DESTINIES:

**T**OO cruell Sisters, why againe am I  
Enforc'd to weepe, and tax your tyranny?  
Was not my Orpheus death (thou blongage)  
Enough for me to beave, for you to doe?  
Orpheus so much by all the graces lou'd  
Whose charming skill, and matchles Musicke  
The savage beast, the stones and senselesse trees, (mou'd  
Yet could not moue the harder Destinies.  
I saw his limbes (alas) scattered abroad  
On Hebrus bankes, while downe the silver flood  
His learned head was rowl'd, and all along  
Heard the sad murmurs of his dying tongue.

No other tragedy but Lucan's line  
 By your untimely stroke could thus againe  
 Renew my griefe: Oh could you not prolong  
 That thread awhile, untill the stately song  
 Of his Pharsalia had been finish'd quite?  
 What savage bird of prey, what murdering Kite  
 Could in the midst of that melodious lay,  
 Ransack the charming Nightingale away?  
 Thou sung'st no lusts, nor riots, nor mad'st known  
 (Corrupting others manners with thine owne)  
 New crimes, nor with lascivious wantoning  
 Did'st thou defile the sacred Thespian spring,  
 Thy verses teach no foule adulteries,  
 Nor rapes committed by the Deities,  
 Which may from guilt absolue the worst of men  
 But actions great and true: thy happy pen  
 Adorning History with raptures high,  
 With quicke conceits and sound moralitie  
 Condemn'd the strong iniustice of that age,  
 And reines to much let loose to civill rage,  
 When Rome the strength, which shee had more, did feare;  
 No longer able her owne weight to beare  
 Taxing bad greatnesse, and in deathlesse verse  
 Bestowing fame on Noble Sepulchers;  
 And had'st enobled mee, but woe is me,  
 Th'untimely stroke of death did silence thee,  
 Of which the griefe not onely vs invades,  
 But diues into the blest Elysian shades,  
 Sadding the worthies there, that so dia long  
 To fill a roome in thine eternall song.  
 That Cato thinke (and grieues it was deny'd)  
 If thou had'st liv'd how great he should haue dy'd  
 The Roman Scipio, did disdain a Tombe  
 On Lyba's shore, in hope to finde a roome

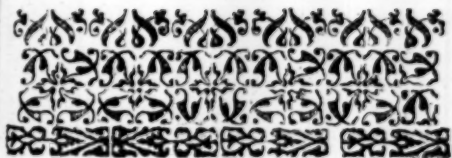
Within thy Stately Poem, well content  
Saue there, to haue no other Monument,  
Those stately Temples, where Great Caesar's name  
Shall be by Rome ador'd, wanting the same  
VVhich thy high lines might giue in time to come  
Shall enuy Pompey's small Egyptian Tombe,  
Had Iuba's Tragicke fall been sung by thee  
'T had eas'd the losse of his great Monarchy:  
But that to them and vs did Fate deny  
That we the more might waile thy Tragedy,

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IOHANNIS SVLPITII  
Verulani querela de interitu  
Lucani, opere nondum  
perfecto.



*Æ C cecinit vates,  
scripturus plura: sed illum  
In medio cursu iussit  
mors dira silere.*

*Accidit ut cigno,  
qui fixus arundine, carmen*

*Mulce modis querulum, quod caperat, interrumpit.*

*Nec Phoenix aliter, cum sese imponit in altum*

*Quem struit ipse, rogam cantus dulcedine mira*

*Nondum perfectos plaudenti morte relinquit.*

*Nec secus Ismaris vates oppressus in oris*

*A Ciconū nrius, Superum dum cantat canores.*

*Brutaque*

Brutaque cum sylvis, & saxo sequentia ducit,  
Haud potuit moriens medios absoluere cantus.  
Proh celer! Oh superi, cruciat qua pœna Neron?  
Num rota, num saxū, num stagna fugacia vexant  
An vultur pendensue silex? an feruet in unda?  
Illū comburat Phlegeton, lacerentque Cerastra:  
Hydra voret, raptentque canes, semperque, flagellis  
Torna Megera secet, nec sit requiesque modusque  
Quanto fraudata est tua gloria plena nitore  
Corduba! quāque minus te Mātua docta veretur  
Mantua, cui prima fulget nunc gloria palma:  
Sed contenta tribus longē lacteris alumnis.  
Tu vero O nostrum vates diuine laborem,  
Quem prote subii, non auersate probabis.

A  
CONTINUVATION  
of the Subiect  
OF  
LUCAN'S  
HISTORICAL POEM  
till the death of  
Iulius Cesar.

---

*The first Booke.*

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The Argument of the first Booke.

*Tb' Egyptians sue to Cesar for a peace,  
Excuse their crime, and crave their King's release;  
The King restor'd by Cesar to his state,  
Revolts againe: Euphranor's noble fate,  
Ptolomey's vision from Serapis sent,  
Foreshewes the change of Egypts government;  
The warre in Delta; Cesar's victory.  
The overthrow and death of Ptolomey.*

**T**He threatening Ocean now had spent in vain  
His swelling spite, & from the watery main,  
From Egypts feeble Treason, and the band  
Of Tharian slaves is Cesar safe at land,  
Fill'd with reuenge and scorne, arm'd with a rage  
Greater than Egypts ruine can asswage.

## The first Booke.

His warre is now made iust; but that great minde  
Too much disdaines so iust a cause to finde  
From such a State, griev'd that they durst afford  
Wrongs proud enough to call on *Cesar's* sword,  
Or prouocation to his fury lend,  
Whom Rome it selfe had trembled to offend;  
And ru'd his anger at no cheaper rate  
Than *Pompey's* fall, and ruine of the State.

How well could Rome excuse the gods aboute  
For *Cesar's* late-wrought safety, and approue  
Their fauour in it, if no other State  
Had felt the force of his reuiued fate  
But *Egypt's* guilty land? in that warre nought  
But iust reuenge for *Pompey* had beene wrought.  
The willing Senate had with ioy decreed  
Honours for such a conquest; for that deed  
From euery Towne th' Italian youth in throngs  
Had met his Charriot with triumphall songs,  
Nor had great *Pompey's* spirit from the sky  
Repin'd at sight of that solemnitie.

That act had reconcil'd the Conquerer  
To Rome againe, had not the fatall warre,  
Which straight in Affrick, and in Spaine ensw'd,  
His conquering army with fresh guilt embrew'd.

The treacherous band of *Egypt's* Souldiers now  
That chose *Artaxerxes* Queene, can disallow  
The pride of *Ganymedes*, and disdain  
A feeble woman, and base Eunuchs reigne.  
Allmurmur, all to muteny inclin'd,

Yet each afraid to sound each others mind:  
Till one at last, more ventrous then the rest,  
Thus with his owne, the thoughts of all exprest.

What end haue these our armes? Why doe we make  
Tumults in stead of warres? If armes we take

## The first Booke.

To free Niles fruitfull regions from the yoke  
Of Romes ambition? why doe we prouoke  
The strength of *Cesar*, at a time when he  
Detaines our King within his custodie?  
The King as hostage for our truth doth lye;  
We hazard not the warre, but *Ptolomey*.  
Though our attempt 'gainst *Cesar* should succeed,  
We staine the honour of so great a deed  
Wanting a lawfull chiefe, and 'twill be thought  
Rebellious tumults not iust warres haue wrought  
Rich *Ægypt*s freedome: More may be obtain'd  
By peace, than can be by such hazards gain'd.  
Then let vs sue for *Ptolomey*'s release,  
*Cesar* (though now incens'd) will grant vs peace  
On easie termes; and thinke is better farre  
Than to be here intangled in a warre,  
Whilest yet *Pharsalia*'s reliques doe remaine  
To ioyne their strength, and try their fate againe:  
Whilst the dispers'd, not conquer'd powers of Rome,  
Are gathering head; and furious nations come  
From *Inba*'s kingdomes, Ammons farthest sands,  
And where Spaines Calpe bounds the Westerne lands  
To crosse his growing fortunes: But if we  
Tender the state of young *Arfinoë*,  
(Because descended from great *Lagus* race,)  
Why doe we wrong her brother, and misplace  
Our duty so? Breposterous loyalty  
It is, to honour *Lagus* family,  
And therefore *Lagus* lawfull heire depose  
A generall shout, which through the Campe arose,  
Shewes their agreement too too great to be  
Suppressed now, or term'd a muteny.  
That euen *Arfinoë* seeing this consent  
Is forc'd to be, or seeme (at least) content.

## The first Booke.

Embassadours to *Caesar* they addresse  
To begge the King's enlargement, sue for peace,  
And pardon for their treachery to him:  
Which they excus'd at large, and all the crime  
Vpon *Photinus* and *Achillas* layd:  
Whose liues (say they) haue for their treasons payd.

*Caesar*, though once inrag'd, admits their low  
Submissiue prayers, and smoothes his angry brow,  
Scorning to lose so proud a wrath vpon  
Such worthlesse obiects; or intent alone  
On ciuill warres, reserues his fury all  
To wreake in nothing but his countreys fall.  
Nought but so hard, and so abhori'd a crime  
Had guilt and danger great enough for him.  
He briefly grants them their desired ends,  
And *Ptolomey* backe to his kingdome sends.

Poore boy, what fatall freedome hast thou gain'd?  
Thou to thy ruine hast thy wish obtain'd,  
Tis *Caesar's* cruelty that sets thee free,  
To make thee guilty, and then punish thee.  
Thine innocence did guard thee, whilst by him  
Thou wert confin'd, and couldst not set a crime  
That might deserue thy death; but well knew he  
Thy ages weaknesse, and the treachery  
Of thy perfidious and vneonstant men  
Would draw thee to offences, and thou then  
By faire pretence of iustice might'st be slaine  
A sacrifice to *Cleopatra's* reigne,  
And his desires, who meanes thy crowne shall buy  
Or pay the hire of his adultery.

*Caesar's* surmises finde a true euent,  
For *Ptolomey* backe to his people sent  
(Whether that falshood were the nations vice,  
Or else by nature or bad nurture <sup>b</sup> his,

## The first Booke.

Or he by others easie to be sway'd)  
Forgets the oath that he to *Caesar* made;  
And fill'd with vaine and flattering hopes, calls on  
The forward Fates t'his owne destruction.  
A well rigg'd fleet of Ships he forth doth send  
In ambush neare Canopus to attend  
(An Ile that East from Alexandria lies)  
To cut off all prouision and supplies,  
That might by Sea to *Caesar's* campe arriue.  
To this his first attempt doth Fortune giue  
Some seeming fauour; for while there they lie,  
*Euphrates's* Ship, seuer'd unhappily  
Alone from all the rest of *Caesar's* fleet,  
By this *Egyptian* Nauy is beset.  
*Euphrates's* valour that had neuer found  
The Fates but friendly, and so oft renown'd  
With *Caesar's* fortune had for *Caesar* fought,  
This change affrights not, his vndaunted thought  
Not feare but rage possesse, and though there  
Beset, he playes th' assailant euery where  
They feare to ioyne with him, and euermore  
Fly from his grapple, as a chafed Bore  
The following hounds auoid, so *Egypt's* fleet  
Surprises danger which it dares not meet.  
But being so many Ships, they cannot all  
Elcape from him; some, though vnwilling, fall  
Vpon *Euphrates*, and are forc'd to buy  
With their owne losse their fellowes victory.  
Some vessels bor'd twixt wind and water sunke,  
And drinking waues into the waues were drunke.  
'Gainst others from the Roman vessell fire,  
Wrapt vp in balls was throwne; whose actiue ire  
The Ocean could not quench vntill too late,  
And did not succour then, but change the fate.

## The first Booke.

Some dead, some liuing, float in *Neptunes* flood,  
The Sea discolour'd with the victours blood.  
Had but one more of *Cæsars* Ships beene caught,  
Th' Egyptian fleet a fatall prey had sought,  
And learned then how they deceiu'd tooke  
But Fortunes bait, which hid a mortall hooke.  
But when at last those few *Cæsarians*  
Were spent with wounds and toile, and that their hands  
Could for that endlesse taske no more suffice,  
*Euphrator* weary with subduing dyes,  
Leauing the rest of those Egyptian powers  
Suruiuers rather than true Conquerours,

Now *Ptolomey* was leuying strength by land,  
VWhen *Mithridates* with a warlike band  
Of men, from Syria and Cilicia came  
Raied from thence by him in *Cæsar's* name,  
And marching swiftly ore the land, at last  
Arriu'd where strong *Pelusium's* sitly plac'd  
Vpon the continent, and on that side  
Th' Egyptian bounds from Syria doth diuide:  
*Pelusium's* strength is thought by land to be  
Egypt's defence, as *Pharos* is by Sea.  
But now (alas) too weake it proues to stay  
Fierce *Mithridates* course, who in one day  
(Though there *Achilles* left a Garrison)  
Summons, assaults, and wins by force, the Towne;  
Nor styes he there, but marches speedily  
To ioyne his strength with *Cæsar's* power, whom he  
Of this exploit before had certifi'd.

This *Mithridates*, who on *Cæsar's* side  
So well had seru'd as to deserue from him  
After this warre, the Thracian diadem,  
Of great and royall parentage was sprung,  
And trained vp in princely arts, when young,



## The first Booke.

By that great King, that Asian Conquerour,  
VWho forty yeeres withstood the Roman power,  
And in so many honour'd fields did fame  
*Lucullus, Sylla, and great Pompey's* name.

The King, that now besides Canopus lay,  
VWith all his power, intends to march away  
VWith speed through Delta, where the Fates decree  
To seat the warre, and his sad tragedie.  
Rich Delta, *Aegypts* pride, the flower alone  
Of all the Pharian Kings dominion;  
Vpon whose fertile brest a thousand wayes  
In winding tracks the wanton Nilus playes,  
And with his amorous folding armes doth seeme  
To embrace small Ilands, whilst his siluer streame  
From severall channels off it selfe doth meet,  
And oft it selfe with wanton kisses greet.  
So these faire riuolets, which for the food  
Of liuing bodie, beare the crimson blood  
To euery part, within the liuer meet,  
And there with kisses numberlesse doe greet  
Themselves; and as they through each other glide,  
Make many knots, as if they tooke a pride  
In their strange foldings, and themselves did please  
In those admired Anastomoses.

This fertile region, whose extension makes  
A iust triangle, from the letter takes  
Delta for name, whose Basis is the Sea,  
Whose two sides Niles two widest channels be,  
For all the other five within those two  
Into the Northern Sea through Delta goe.

Downe from the lesser cataract Nile flows,  
And in one single channell Northward goes  
From Elephantis Ile the ancient bound,  
Twixt the *Aethiopian, and Egyptian* ground

## The first Booke.

Fourē thousand furlongs to that spacious plaine;  
Where Memphis stands, so famed for the vaine,  
And mispent labour of so many men,  
Her wondrous Pyramids; which had not beene,  
If natures bounty, and the wealthy soyle  
Had not too much excus'd the Plowmans royle.  
So many hands (as there were vainly found)  
Had beene enough t'haue made the barren'st ground  
Of Ammons deserts, or the Libyan lands  
Fruitfull by working, t'haue entrench'd whole lands,  
And senc'd their Egypts often conquer'd Towers  
From Persian, Greecian, and Italian powers.  
At Memphis Nile his channell doth diuide:  
That branch that flowes along the Easterne side,  
Into the Ocean rowles his curled waues  
At strong Pelusium; tother channell laues  
(A thousand furlongs distant thence, as he  
Into the Ocean falls) the regions nigh  
To faire Canobus, which (by ancient fame)  
From *Mævelaus* Pylor tooke the name;  
Who dying there, was buried on the shore,  
When Egypts Crowne that inst King *Proteus* wore?  
Who tooke from *Priam's* wanton sonne away  
*Atrides* beauteous wife, his rauish'd prey,  
And to her husband after her restor'd  
When Troys sack'd towres had felt the vengeful sword  
Of armed Greece. That region, which betweene  
Those two the widest armes of Nile is seene,  
Is Delta, which so plentifully yeelds,  
*Ceres* and *Pachus*, rich in pasture fields,  
And flowery meadowes, where the bleating flocks,  
And horned heards doe graze; the labouring Oxe  
Weary'd in those fat furrowes, nere deceiues  
Hopes which the greediest husbandman conceiues.

There

## The first Booke.

There lofty Cities stand, and Townes of fame,  
Lakes flow, which from those Cities take their names,  
Butum enuiron'd with the Buticke lake,  
Where once her Oracles *Latona* spake :  
There faire *Diospolis*, *Lycopolis*,  
*Hermopolis*, and *Leontopolis*  
Proud Cities rise : There doth *Basiris* stand  
Fatall to strangers, that were forc'd to land  
Vpon her bloody shore ; vntill the hand  
Of great *Alcides* freed the griued land  
From that fell Tyrants reigne, whose name the towne  
Yet beares ; neere that is that faire Citie knowne  
By *Venus* name ; there faire *Panephysis*,  
*Tanitis*, *Xois*, and *Cynopolis*,  
And *Sais* chiefe of all the region,  
In which *Minerva's* stately Temple's showne,  
Where fam'd *Psammiticus* entomb'd lies,  
There also *Mendes* famous walls doe rise,  
Where *Pan* th' Arcadian god is worshipped,  
And goats ador'd ; there goats (as we haue read)  
Doe mix with womankind ; so got was he  
That lou'd the boy turn'd to a Cypresse tree.  
But now to know the future warres successe  
The King aduis'd by *Dioscorides*  
Ere from *Canopus* he through *Delta* passe,  
(Since there *Serapis* stately Temple was)  
Resolu'd to craue that Oracles aduice  
Commands the Priests prepare a sacrifice.  
This snake-like god *Serapis* seated there,  
Whom all rich *Aegypt*, and the nations neere,  
Deuoutly worship ; and from euery port  
To his vndoubted Oracle resort,  
Speakes not to men, like other gods, nor shewes  
His truth by voyce, as horned *Ammon* does ;

Nor

## The first Booke.

Nor like their *Apis*, fore-declaring good  
Or bad, by taking or refusing food ;  
Nor like the Delphian *Phabus* doth possesse  
In killing rage, a wretched Prophetesse,  
Making sad death the punishment or hire  
Of euery soule his fury doth inspire ;  
But gently glides into a sleeping brest,  
By dreames instructing our repose and rest,  
In truths that can be by no labour gain'd ;  
There onely knowledge is with ease attain'd ;  
To this renowned Temple farre and neere  
Th' Egyptian Lords and Princes come to heare  
Truth without helpe of senses, and to know  
By dreaming there their future weale or woe :

Why should this god his knowledge then declare  
To men, when men least fit for knowledge are ?  
And chuse to come to them at such a time  
When they no duties can returne to him ?  
Is it his bounty or his power to show,  
That men so taught may plainly see they owe  
Nothing at all to studies of their owne,  
But to his bounty and his power alone,  
That then can make them vnderstand aright  
When they are rest of vnderstanding quite ?  
Or else the god whom men can exercise  
Their powers and intellectuall faculties,  
Will not descend with their weake thoughts to ioyne  
Commixing human reason with diuine.

Within the Temples inmost roome, a bed  
Of richest purple wrought with gold was spred ;  
To which the King was by the Priests conuay'd,  
And there, to take his dreaming vision, lay'd.  
No dreames at all within that sacred roome  
But such as were diuinely sent, might come.  
Others, which from complexions difference

## The first Booke.

Or naturall humours flow'd, were banish'd thence;  
And those which from the studies of the day,  
Or cares arose, in th' outward Temple stay,  
And there together live in companies,  
Of different colours, shapes, and qualities,  
Faire sanguine dreames, that seeme to cheere the night  
With beauteous shapes, and rosie wings, as bright  
As in the morning, or those flowers that grace  
In mid'st of Spring, the painted *Flora's* face,  
Within the Temple merrily doe sport;  
To whom the little *Cupids* oft resort;  
The little *Cupids* from faire *Venus* groue  
Stealing by night, doe thither come, and loue  
With those bright sanguine dreames to passe away  
The howres of night in sport and amorous play.  
There dreames of choller in a flame-like hue  
Through th' ayre, like little fiery Meteors flue  
With swift and angry motion to and fro,  
As if they sought within that place a foe.  
Sometimes vp to the Temples rooffe on high  
They soare, as if they meant to scale the skye,  
Or some impossible archieument sought  
T'allay the thirst of an aspiring thought.  
But downe below with sad and heauy cheere  
On dead mens Tombes, and euery Sepulcher,  
The dusky dreames of melancholly light,  
With fable wings like Bats, or birds of night.  
Fluttering in darkest corners here and there,  
But all alone, and still each other feare.  
Courting dead skulls, and seeming to inuite  
The dismall ghosts for company by night.  
There all along the Temples whited wall  
Phlegmaticke lazy dreames, not wing'd at all,  
But slow, like slimy Snayles, about doe cawle,  
And euermore are thence afraid to fall

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The dead of night had closed euery eye,  
And sleepe now seiz'd the brest of *Ptolomey*;  
When loe a vision from *Serapis* sent  
To his affrighted fancy did present  
The changed state of *Aegypts* haplesse land,  
Which now by fates appointment was at hand,  
A large-siz'd Oxe into that sacred roome  
With sad and heauy pace did seeme to come,  
And leane he was, as if he had not eat  
Of long, or wanting, or refusing meat,  
Sawe two white spots, his colour wholly blacke,  
One on his forehead, tother on his backe;  
And passing by, he seem'd to waile and moane,  
From his blacke eyes the teares fast trickling downe,  
After a woman came of stature tall,  
Of presence stately and maiestticall;  
High Towres, and Castles on her head she bare,  
But loose, as if all torne, hung downe her haire.  
Strong chaines did seeme her naked armes to tye?  
With that arose a dismall shreeke and cry,

## The first Booke.

As it had beene from ghosts infernall sent,  
Whose fury rent the regall monument:  
And from their open'd tombes he saw arise  
The ghosts of all the bury'd *Ptolemys*,  
From *Lagus* sonne the first, in order all,  
Who following, seem'd to waile the womans fall.  
With that cold chilling horror from the brest  
Of sleeping *Ptoleme* had banish'd rest,  
Who with amazed thoughts look'd vp and downe;  
But when his eyes were ope, the sight was gone.  
The Priests approach, and hearing him relate  
His dolefull dream, lament the wretched State  
Of *Ægypt*s kingdome, and with one consent  
Foretell th'approaching change of gouernment:  
Yet to appease the gods, by their aduice,  
The King commands a solemne sacrifice,  
But nearer miseries by farre than these  
Doe threaten thee, poore King, the god foreshowes  
Thy Countries future danger, and from thee  
Conceales thine owne approaching tragedie.

To meet with *Cæsar* then he march'd away  
Through wealthy *Delta*, and encamped lay  
Vpon an high and spacious hill, which round  
About commands the lower champion ground;  
From whence the Countrey he asfarre descri'd.  
A place by nature strongly fortifi'd  
Three seuerall wayes; th'ascent so steepe and hard  
To climbe, as seem'd impregnable, did guard  
One part alone, without the ayd of men:  
Vnto another part a spacious fen  
And lake did seeme to giue protection:  
To guard the third a riuer swiftly run.  
Betwixt the lake and which alone did stand,  
To lend some passage, a small necke of land:

## *The first Booke.*

That little Iſthmos ſeem'd alone to ſtand  
In need of guarding by a Souldiers hand  
Againſt the foes aſſault. But in that place  
The King ſuppoſes, 'twere too much diſgrace  
To be aſſaulted firſt, and would diſmay  
His Souldiers hearts, for *Cæſar* there to ſtay;  
Or elſe not ſafe in what defence the lake,  
The riuer, hill, or his owne workes could make,  
To hinder *cæſar's* comming he intends  
Farre off; and moſt of all his forces ſends  
To guard a riuer where his paſſage lay.  
That banke, on which th' *Ægyptian* Souldiers ſtay;  
Was high, and farre from water, and might well  
Keepe the *Cæſarians* off, or them compell  
To fight on wondrous diſaduantage there.  
But *Cæſar's* troops incapable of feare,  
At firſt approach, reſolute, viewing the place,  
In ſpight of diſaduantages to paſſe.  
And whileſt the legionary Souldiers throw  
'Gainſt rather ſide, to buſie there the foe,  
Thicke ſtormes of winged piles; whiſt ſome of them  
Striue to lay trees, for bridges, ore the ſtreame,  
The German cohorts vp and downe doe try  
The riuers depth, and where moſt eaſily  
They may or ſwim, or wade the channell through;  
And make as boldly their attempts as though  
They went againſt no enemy at all.  
Whiſt the *Ægyptians* doe ſecurely gall  
Downe from about their labouring enemy;  
And on the place, not their owne worth relye:  
For all the weapons which from them are throwne,  
Require no ſtrength, but by deſcent alone  
Bring wounds to the *Cæſarians*, who, inrag'd  
To be 'gainſt ſuch aduantages inrag'd,

Sigh,



## *The first Booke.*

Sigh, that their valour they must vainly lose  
Not to subdue, but to approach their foes,  
And must contend as eagerly to gaine  
A fight, as erst a conquest to obtaine.  
Against the riuer and the bankes they goe :  
And in this warre the foe is least the foe,  
*Cæsar* perceiues in what distressed plight  
The legionaries are inforc'd to fight,  
And therefore straight commands his lightest horse  
To wheele about, and with a speedy course  
Farre from that place to crosse the riuer ore,  
Which they performed swiftly, and before  
Th' *Ægyptian* Souldiers their approach could feare,  
Behinde they charg'd them in a full carriere.  
Whose force whilst they, turning about, withstood,  
The legionary Souldiers past the flood  
With greater ease by bridges which they made,  
And through the shallowest fordes the Germans wade.  
And now at last th' *Ægyptian* Souldiers  
Are forc'd, though loth, to enter equall warres,  
But feare made them vnequall, and subdu'd  
As soone as fought with, by the fortitude  
Of *Cæsar's* men, who else had sought in vaine  
By so much sweat and labour to obtaine  
A bartell, had they not a conquest had :  
And now a slaughter, not a warre was made.  
The King from out his lofty Campe beheld  
His slaughtered Souldiers bodies strow the field  
Which late they stood vpon : for scarce by flight  
Vvere any saued ; the *Cæsarians* spight  
Pursu'd the conquest which they had obtain'd  
VWith such a fury, that the fields distain'd  
All ore with blood, might let th' *Ægyptians* see  
How they before had fought vnequally.

## The first Booke.

He viewes how few return'd, that newes to tell,  
Which he had scene, and knew too sadly well.

But to the Campe, those that escaped were  
Brought nothing but astonishment and feare,  
Th'incamped finde in them no ayd at all,  
But see the greatnesse of their fellowes fall:  
Whom *Cæsar's* men so swiftly follow home,  
That to the trenches, and out-works they come.  
*Cæsar*, that neuer in his battels, held  
A foe subdu'd, till from his Campe expell'd,  
Exhorts his Souldiers to forget their paines,  
And freshly force their works, whilst feare there reigns,  
To end this warre, and with the wealthy spoyle  
Of *Ægypt's* King to recompence their toyle.  
Nor need the Souldiers be encouraged  
To seeke their wages for the blood they shed.  
They first inuade that little necke of land  
Which 'twixt the riuer and the lake did stand,  
But that th' *Ægyptian* Souldiers most doe guard;  
When on the passage there begins a hard  
And bloody conflict, one side fight to make  
Their conquest perfect, and the fruit to take:  
Tother despaire in stead of courage armes;  
For vanquished, they feare the worst of harmes.  
From either side the passage where they stood,  
The lake and riuer are distain'd with blood.  
Downe halfe dead bodies they precipitate,  
Who drown'd in water, tast a double fate.  
There oft together as they fighting stand,  
*Ægyptians* and *Cæsarians* hand in hand  
Doe grappling fall into the crimson lake;  
Nor there (alas) their enmitie forsake:  
But weakely try the combats out, where he  
That conquers, can no long suruiour be,

Whilest

## *The first Booke.*

Whilest on that side the Campe, both parties fought  
So furiously and all hands thither brought;  
*Caesar* perceiued on the other side,  
That seem'd enough by nature fortifi'd  
Where the ascent was craggie, steepe, and hard  
To climbe, that *Ptolomey* had left no guard;  
Or those that had beene left, from thence were gone  
To thother side, as aid, or lookers on.  
Thither his lightest cohorts he commands;  
Bold *Carfulenus* leads those active hands,  
Who straight, as *Caesar* gaue in charge to him,  
With those light-armed cohorts gins to climbe.  
Th'ascent so steepe and hard, that to the foe  
Did seeme impregnable but prou'd not so,  
Brought on their ruine; death there enter'd in,  
From whence with greatest ease he might haue beend  
Repeld by them. But *Carfulenus* now  
Entring th' Egyptian Campe, with small adoe  
Kills or repells his few resisting foes,  
Feare and distraction through the Campe arose.  
The workes, whilest to and fro th'amazed runne,  
On euery side by the *Cesarians* wonne:  
To whom for mercy now they sue in vaine,  
Nor does the Generall their swords restraîne;  
But bids them kill, and in their slaughter free  
The world from so much fraud and treachery.  
Part of th' Egyptian Campe had beene before  
Romes legionary Souldiers, and brought ore  
Vnder *Gabinus*, there in Egypt left  
Were by her pleasures softned, and bereft  
Of military vertue, and became  
Degenerate staines vnto the Roman name.  
Like the Egyptians they were growne to be  
In manners, basenesse, fraud, and treachery.

## The first Booke.

Not farre from thence, vnto the riuer side  
A little vessell by a rope was ti'd;  
Whither the King in this tumultuous heat  
Of flight, escaped from the Campe, doth get;  
And now aboard, commands his slender traine  
With all their strength to launch it forth amaine.  
His purple robe vpon the shore he throwes  
To hide disguis'd; but cruell Fate allowes  
No flight nor safetie to him; nought at all  
Gaines his disguise but a Plebeian fall.  
For loe the flying multitude elpi'd  
(That from the Campe prest to the riuers side)  
That barke, contending all to get aboard  
To saue themselues respectlesse of their Lord:  
He cries, the King is here; doe not intrude,  
There is no safetie for a multitude  
In one small vessell; why should you destroy  
(Losing your selues) the life of *Ptolomey*?  
Though Fortune worke my ruine, doe not you  
Murder your King: but *Cæsar's* men pursue,  
Amazement stops their cares, and feare of sword  
Had banish'd all allegiance to their Lord  
Till, the ore laden vessell sinking downe,  
Themselves together with their King they drowne.  
Mixt with Plebeian deaths a Monarch lies  
The royall race of th'antient *Ptolomey's*  
Vnder no couert but his Nile's cold waues,  
No Pyramids, nor rich Mausolean graues,  
Nor sacred Vaults, whose structures doe excell:  
As his fore-fathers ashes proudly dwell,  
And dead, as liuing, doe their wealth expresse  
In sumptuous tombes as gorgeous Palaces.  
Vnhappie *Ptolomey*, how short a date  
Hau' Fates allotted to thy kingly State?

## *The first Booke:*

No otherwise didst thou a Crowne obtaine  
Than sacrifices, crowned to be staine.  
Happier might'st thou haue dy'd, before thy reigne  
(Though short it were) had left that lasting staine  
Of Pompey's death vpon thy name, and shew'd  
To future times thy foule ingratitude,  
Depriving him of breath, that did before  
Thy banish'd Father to a Crowne restore.  
And now to that dead Roman worthies Tombe  
Art thou enforc'd a Sacrifice to come  
To appease his Ghost, and offer'd vp by him,  
In whose behalfe thou did'st that hainous crime:  
Who chooseth rather to reuenge, than owe  
To thee, so base a ruine of his foe.

Cesar, possessest of this great victory,  
By land, through Delta marches speedily  
To Alexandria; but supposing there  
How much the Citie his iust wrath might feare  
He sends before to comfort them, and free  
Th' inhabitants from feare and ialousie,  
To be with ioy receiu'd, he declares  
That all his wrath is ended with his warres;  
That he, as Romes Dictatour, would preserue  
Their liues and liberties, and still reserue  
The Crowne of Egypt free, rightly to place  
Vpon the next of *Lagus* royall race.  
And that no other now was his intent  
Than to confirme *Aulstes* Testament.

## The first Booke.

### Annotations to the first booke.

a Thus Dion; Cæsar beleened that the Egyptians had truly desired peace, disheartned with their designs not succeeding (for he had heard they were a people by nature timorous and unconstant;) but howsoeuer their intentions were, he resolved to grant their request, lest he should seeme to withstand an offered peace; he sends therefore their King to them; for by his presence he knew there was no encrease of strength brought to them, considering his age and bad education; by this mean he supposed he might afterwards conclude a peace with the Egyptians upon his owne termes, or finde a iust pretence of conquering the Countrey, and giuing the Kingdome to Cleopatra: for he was not at all afraid of their strength now, having receiued his army out of Syria. Dion. lib. 42.

b The young King educated in false & deceitful disciplines, that he might not seeme to degenerate from the manners of his Nation, weeping intreated Cæsar that he would not send him from him; for enioying of a Kingdome could not bee to him so pleasant as the presence of Cæsar. Cæsar moued with his teares comforted him, and promised if there were neede shortly to visite him, but Ptolomey at libertie, began immediately to war against Cæsar with so fierce and eager a desire that the teares which at the parting he shed, might seeme to be teares of ioy. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexan.

c None of the Roman ships came at all to the succour of Euphranor, either because they durst not partake of the danger, or because they had a strong confidence in the great vertue, & extraordinary felicitie of Euphranor, which in all his other fights had euer attended him: so that he only at that time behaued himselfe well, and perished alone with his victorious Galley. Hirt. Commen. de bello Alexan.

d Of this towne Memphis, and the Temple of Serapis there

## The first Booke.

thus Strabo speaks in his seventeenth book; Canopus distant from Alexandria an hundred & twenty furlongs by land, was so called from Canopus Menelaus his Master of his ship, who was buried there: in it is the Temple of Serapis, with great devotion honored amongst them, inasmuch as the Noblemen put great assistance in that god, and come thither to take remedies both for themselves and others: some of them have written of diuers cures which haue been there wrought, and many miracles in severall kindes: but above all other things, wonderfull is that number, who upon Festivall times come down by the Lake from Alexandria: for night & day is that Lake full of boats, in which men and women with songs, and gestures of all manner of Lasciviousnesse doe recreate themselves, and in Canopus it selfe, diuers Inns there are upon the Lake side to entertaine passengers with such leuities and vaine delights. Strabo lib. 17.

This young King Prolomeus Dionysius sonne to Prolomeus Auletes the last of all the race of Prolomey's by the wicked counsell of his followers, as Photenus the Eunuch, Achilles Captaine of the guard, and Theodorus Chius the Rhetorician, had unthankfully slaine Pompey the great flying to him in his necessitie, who before had bene the greatest meanes of restoring his father Auletes to the Crowne of Egypt. Dion Plutarch. Appion.

Auletes Prolomeus the ninth Prolomey from the sonne of Lagus, who after the death of Alexander the great possessed Egypt, was a man (saith Strabo) of most dissolute and wicked manners, for which hee was expelled his kingdom by the people of Alexandria, who made the eldest of his three daughters Queene over them; his two sonnes being both infants had by this meanes lost all hope of succession in their fathers Kingdom; the Queene cleled was married to one Cybiolactes of Syria, who deriued his pedigree from the ancient Syrian Kings; but the Queene within

## The first Booke.

*few dayes strangled her husband, not able to endure his sordid  
and base nature; and married her selfe to Archelaus,  
who fained himselfe the sonne of Mithridates Eupator; but  
was indeed the sonne of that Archelaus, who had warred a-  
gainst Sylla, but was afterwards honored by the Romans, and  
grandfather to him who reigned last in our times over Cappa-  
docia: this Archelaus living then with Gabinus, whom he  
promised to aid in a war against the Parthians, was by some  
of his friends (unknowne to Gabinus) brought unto the  
Queene, and declared King: at that time the banished King  
Ptolomeus Auletes was fled to Rome, and there kindly en-  
tertained by Pompey the Great, and by him commended to  
the Senate: Pompey advised them to restore Auletes to his  
Kingdom, and put to death those Embassadors that were  
come thither to plead against their Prince, of which Embas-  
sage Dio the Academicus was chiefe. Auletes therefore  
brought backe to his Kingdome by Gabinus overcame, and  
killed the Queene his daughter, and Archelaus his sonne in  
law, dying shortly after he left behind him two sonnes and two  
daughters. Strabo lib 17.*

*g Ptolomeus Auletes by his testament had wi led (ac-  
cording to the incestuous custome of that family) that his el-  
dest sonne Ptolomey should marry his eldest daughter Cleo-  
patra, and with her enjoy the Crowne of Ægypt; the procu-  
ration of this testament was by him assigned to the people of  
Rome, which Cæsar as dictator had power to execute. Dion.  
lib 42. Hirt. Commen de bello Alexand.*

FINIS.



# THE SECOND BOOKE.

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## The Argument of the second Booke .

Faire Cleopatra is espous'd and led  
A wife in name, to her young brothers bed:  
Great Cæsar's heart her tempting beauties fire,  
Who reapes the wanton fruit of his desire,  
The satte'd reliques of Pharsalia  
Scipio unites againe in Affrica.  
The strength of Varus there; each nations name,  
That vnder Iuba's royall standard came,  
Cæsar from Ægypt 'gainst Pharnaces goes,  
And vanquishes, as soone as sees, his foes:  
Erects a trophee there: and crossing ore  
More swift than thoughts, arrives on Libya's shore.



He Alexandrian Citizens releast  
From al their feares by Cæsar's pardon, feast  
With ioy; extoll his goodnesse to the skies  
And to their gods deuoutly sacrifice  
With vsuall rites: Alas, you doe not know  
Fond Alexandrians, to whom you owe  
Your Cities safetie; not those de'ties,  
That you with vaine and barbarous mysteri es  
Adore, haue wrought it; nor could all your Towers,  
Your stately Temples, Tombes of Conquerours,  
Nor Alexander's buri'd dust, which more  
Than your religion Cæsar's thoughts adore,

## The Second Booke.

Preuaile so much in purchasing his grace,  
As beauties charmes in *Cleopatra's* face.  
It was the glance of her bewitching eyes,  
Had power to helpe your helpleffe deities:  
Nor was it fit such people, rites, and lawes  
Should owe their safetie to a better cause.

Great *Cleopatra* mistresse of the State,  
To giue the conquering author of her Fate  
High entertainment, to his eye displays  
Th' Egyptian wealth in such luxurious wayes  
As might excuse euen Rome, and make the riot  
Of her degenerate Senate seeme the diet  
Which th' ancient *Curii* and *Camillus* vs'd,  
Nor what her Asian victories infus'd.  
The gorgeous Pallace with such lustre shone  
As wealthy kingdomes neere their ruine grown  
Vse to expresse; which shew the present crimes,  
And speake the fortune of precedent times.  
But *Cesar's* eyes in all that wealthy store,  
Which he so lately had beheld before,  
No pleasure finde, nor with delight viewes he  
The golden-roofes, nor precious imag'ry.  
Rich eben pillars, boords of Citron wood,  
Which on their carued luory tressells stood:  
Nor curious hangings doe his eyes admire,  
For *Cleopatra's* beautie and attire  
Did quite eclipse all obiects, and outshone  
All other splendours; on her lookes alone  
His eyes are fix'd; which, though beheld before,  
The more he viewes, doe rauish him the more,  
All other obiects lose at second sight;  
But womans beautie breeds the more delight  
The oftner scene: he viewes that snowie necke,  
Those golden tresses, which no gems can decke.

## The second Booke.

The wealth she wore about her, seem'd to hide,  
Not to adorne her native beauties pride.  
Though there bright Pearles from th' Erythrean shores  
From all th' Assyrian lakes, the wealthy stores  
Of silver Ganges, and Hydaspes shone;  
From Egypts Easterne lies the gold-like stone,  
And cheerefull Emeraulds gather'd from the Greene  
Arabian rocks were in full splendour scene.  
Payle Onyx, Iaspers of a various die,  
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter eye.  
The Saphires blew, by her more azure veines,  
Hung not to boast, but to confesse their stains,  
And blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their die  
When her more ruby lips were moving by.  
It seem'd (so well became her what she wore)  
She had not robb'd at all the creatures store,  
But had beene natures selfe, there to haue show'd  
What she on creatures could, or had bestow'd.

But *Cæsar's* heart enflamed long before  
Burnes with fresh fury, and resolues no more  
Now to conceale, but feede the pleasing flame.  
What power (quoth he) controules my wish, what fame?  
What would the sowrest seeming vertue doe  
Arm'd with a power like me, and tempted so?  
By such a beautie as from guilt would free  
A Rausher, and make a dulterie  
No crime at all, but such a piece of vice  
As former times vnto the Deities  
Did oft impute; had *Cleopatra* beene  
By those renowned Græcian writers scene,  
Whose deathlesse Poems in the skies about  
Haue fix'd so many paramours of Ioue;  
Before the daughters of faire *Pleione*,  
*Atlanta*, *Maia*, and *Taygete*, she

Had

## The second Booke.

Had there beene plac'd her Tresses farre more faire  
Had shew'd in Heaven than *Berenices* haire,  
*Cathartes* Waine had not in skies beene set,  
Nor *Ariadnes* shining Coronet,  
Till *Cleopatra's* Starre had found a place,  
And chose what part of Heaven she meant to grace.  
Let love my warrant be; whom powerfull loue  
So oft has forc'd from Heaven; or let it proue  
The Thunderers excuse to future times  
That *Caesar* now partakes the Thunderers crimes.

There is no cause thou should'st misdoubt thy suit,  
Nowaking Dragon keeps that golden fruit  
Thou mean'st to taste, nor need'st thou feare to finde  
That beaurie guarded by too chaste a minde,  
Yet wanton loue, and *Cupids* childish fires,  
Which warme Plebeian hearts, and moue desires,  
In rurall Girles, and lowly Shepherds swaines,  
Aid not thy suit, Oh *Caesar*. She disdaines  
That common cause should make her beaurie yeeld  
To thy embraces; her proud brest was fill'd  
With higher thoughts; desire of Soueraigntie,  
Aspiring hopes of State and Maiestie  
In *Cleopatra's* brest had now controll'd  
All ther passions; had her blood beene cold,  
Yet when ambition pleaded on thy side,  
Her chastitie had yeelded to her pride,  
That reason *Caesar*, that did first subdue  
Thy loyaltie to Rome, made thee imbrue  
Thy parricidall hands in her sad wounds,  
And die with blood *Theſſalia's* guiltie grounds.  
Proues now the selfe same cause that conquered  
This Queene, and drew her to thy wanton bed,  
Let not the guiltie greatnesse of thy minde  
Be by vaine men extoll'd; since here we finde,

## The second Booke.

A womans brest the same impressions moue ;  
Ambitious pride, and Soueraignties dire loue  
like in thee and *Cleopatra* plac'd,  
Made thee disloyall prone, and her vnchaste.  
*Cesar*, lest Rome should iudge he first did moue  
This warre alone for *Cleopatra's* loue,  
To winne for her, not for his Countries sake,  
(For conquer'd *Egypt* he intends to make  
No a Roman prouince) and on th' other side  
Too much suspecting that th' *Egyptians* pride,  
His bountious fauor would farre lesse esteeme  
If that a woman wore their Diadem,  
Whilest yet a male childe liu'd of *Lagus* blood ;  
Thus cleares both doubts, to make the action good  
One colour serues ; young *Ptolomey*, whom he  
Before had married to *Arfina*,  
A childe of eight yeares old, must now supply  
The roome of his dead brother *Ptolomey*,  
And weare two shadowes both of loue and State,  
Of *Egypt's* King, and *Cleopatra's* mate.  
What more than names, poore boy, dost thou obtaine ?  
As vaine thy marriage is, as is thy reigne,  
And but in title nothing is thine owne ;  
*Cesar* thy bed possesse, she thy Crowne.  
Nor canst thou yet so much as riuall proue  
In *Cleopatra's* reigne, or *Cesar's* loue.  
Yet happie art thou that thy tender age  
Cannot enjoy th' incestuous marriage ;  
For if the match for thee had beene more fit,  
Thou had'st contracted greater guilt from it,  
And with fowle incest stain'd a brothers name ;  
But whilst thou want'st the fruit, thou want'st the blame  
Now without care thou dost a crowne obtaine  
And an incestuous marriage without stain.

Now

## The second Booke.

Now nights blacke mantle had the earth ore-spread,  
And all the host of Starres in *Phabus* stead  
(Though with lesse light) adorn'd the spangled skie;  
When *Cesar* fir'd with lous, and raised high  
With *Meroes* sparkling wine, pursues his suit,  
And soone obtaines the wish'd and wanton fruit  
Of his late warres and toiles, his fame and glory,  
His power and gifts the strongest oratory  
Had woo'd, and wonne the Queene to his delight,  
Within whose armes he spends the wanton night.  
Nor, *Cleopatra*, was't a crime in thee;  
Th' incestuous custome of thy family,  
Where sisters, wiues on brothers are bestow'd,  
And mixture of the nearest names allow'd,  
Makes this a vertuous loue, thou had'st beene led  
With greater guilt to such a Nuptiall bed,  
And 'tis thy fate, thy beaurie cannot be  
Better enioy'd than by adulterie.

Yet from the burden of her fruitfull wombe  
Both hers, and *Cesar's* punishment shall come.  
For young *Casario*, whom their loues short ioy  
With aduerse Fates begets (vnhappy boy)  
Vntimely slaine, shall be in future time  
*Augustus Caesar's* parricidall crime,  
And *Cesar's* house with *Cesar's* blood shall blot;  
Thy guilt *Augustus* is that night begot,  
Which shall hereafter those rich triumphs staine,  
Which thou from *Aegypts* conquest shalt obtaine;  
Vnlesse that flattery be taught for thee  
To wrest all natures lawes, and policy  
Of State, together with the peace of Rome  
Alleg'd to iustifie thy bloody doome.

Whilest *Cesar* thus a wanton Conquerour  
In *Aegypt* staves, the Senats scatter'd power

## The second Booke.

And flying legions from Pharsalia  
Scipio againe vnires in Affrica,  
Great Pompey's father in law, who now ore all  
Is by consent elected Generall  
Scout Labienus most engag'd of all  
In hate to *Caesar*, (though against the Gaule  
He vnder *Caesar's* colours oft had fought)  
Serues vnder him; and matchlesse *Cato* brought  
By no engagement of a priuate cause,  
But for his Countries libertie and lawes.  
*Petreius* falsely theretakes armes againe  
'Gainst *Caesar's* side, by *Caesar* once in Spaine  
Pardon'd before; there *Artius* *Varus* stands,  
Who all the Roman Prouinces commands  
In Affrick, once proud Carthage feeders:  
Who brings his Punick forces to the warres,  
Subtile in warlike flights, with Targets light,  
Short swords, and breasts vnarm'd they vse to fight;  
And still in battell weare their Cassocks red  
To hide the colour of the blood they shed,  
Drie Barces scorch'd, and ever-thirsting sands  
Send men to *Varus*, there the warlike bands  
Of hot Cyrene stand, the Progeny  
Of *Pelops* stain'd and tragick family,  
That from *Mycena* came there th' *Aeans* stood  
Mixed of Libyan and Sicilian blood;  
And those of *Tabraca*, th' old *Tyrians* brood,  
The men of *Lepcis*, and at *Hippo* bred,  
Where the *Phaznicians* first inhabited  
When they to Affrick came; *Hippo*, whose site  
Made it the ancient Libyan Kings delight.  
And there in armes the men of *Thapsus* be,  
That from the Latines draw their pedegree,  
*Iuba* to these his mighty army brings,  
*Iuba* the greatest of all Affricks Kings,

who

## The second Booke.

Who had already given a fatall blow  
In *curio's* sad and mortall ouerthrow  
To *Caesar's* side: No Libyan King alone  
Commands so large and vast a region.  
Th' extent of his dominion lies as farre  
As there's plaines, and horned *Ammon* are  
From *Mauritania's* farthest *Westerne* lands,  
Where neare the *Gades* heauen-propping *Atlas* stands.  
With whom to warre so many nations went  
Of manners, rites, and habits different;  
Fierce *Mauritanians*, which deriue their race  
From th' ancient *Medes*, who peopled first the place.  
The *Nasamonians* euer bare and poore  
Till wrackes at Sea enrich their farall shore  
With mankindes ruine; the scorch'd swarthy bands  
Of *Garamantians*, on whose barren sands  
No shady trees ere spread, no flockes doe feed,  
Nor ought but serpents and dire monsters breed.  
With these *Marmarians* march, whom nature makes  
As antidotes against those mortall Snakes.  
Then march the vagrant bold *Numidians*  
On well rein'd Steeds; and light *Massylians*,  
Who euermore their Horses bitlesse ride;  
And them alone with slender wands can guide.  
The strong *Cetulians*, that no dwelling know,  
But with their herds doe wander too and fro,  
That in no sports but dangerous delight;  
And singly dare with raging Lions fight.  
The light *Autololes*, whose winged speed,  
In running, farre out-strips the swiftest Steed;  
Equals the winds themselves, and, as they passe,  
Scarce bend the standing corne, or slender grasse.  
The cole, blacke *Mihian* next, vpon whose brow  
And curled lockes the scorching *Sunne* doth shew



## The second Booke.

His lasting Tyranny; who to the warre  
Does lightly goe, his brest and body bare,  
And neuer iron nor brasse armour weares;  
Great linnen Turbants on his head he beares  
In stead of helmes: his arrowes mortall points  
With venom'd iuyce he treacherously annoints.  
Shaggie Cyniphians too were armed there  
Who Goats rough skinnies vpon their shoulders weare,  
Their beards oregrowne and horrid: neare to these  
With painted shields the Arydmachides  
Arm'd on the left side onely, not the right;  
And swords, like sickles, crook'd they vse in fight.  
Of diet course and rude; their meat vpon  
The sands is roasted by the scorching Sun.  
Besides the troops that were from Vaga sent,  
That from Ruspina and faire Zannah went  
From all these seuerall places Iuba drawes  
A royall Army t' aide the Senates cause,  
Ioyning himselfe with Roman Scipio.  
With all these forces they intend to goe  
When first the Spring her verdant face shall show  
And comfortable gales of Zephyre blow,  
T' inuade their native Countrey, and set free  
Subiected Rome from *Cæsar's* Tyrannie,  
And their great designe from the euent  
Of old examples found encouragement.  
Since sad experiences did often shew  
Romes strength, neere Rome, 'twas easie to subdue.  
They knew the barbarous Cimbrian, furious Gaule,  
The force of Carthage led by *Hannibal*  
Beat oft in forren parts by Roman powers,  
In Italy prou'd easie Conquerours.  
With these they sadly call to minde how soone  
*Cinna, Sertorius, Carbo, Marius* wenne.

## *The second Booke.*

Rome by surprise, though beat in forren lands  
With ease by *Sylla*, and great *Pompey's* hands,  
And last of all, when this sad warre begun,  
And *Cæsar* first had crossed *Rubicon*,  
*Pompey* without one conflict fled away;  
And Rome to him became an easie prey.  
But *Cæsar's* fortune frustrates their intents;  
His wonted speed and strange successe prevents  
Their expedition, and as euery where  
He had before so playes th' assailant here.  
Too soone, alas, shall you in *Affrick* see  
Whom you intend to seecke in *Italy*.

But *Cæsar* plung'd iu *Aegypts* soft delights  
Insnar'd by beauty, and the charming sights  
Of *Cleopatra*, could almost forget  
How many armed foes and forces, yet  
Opposo his growing fortunes, and remaine  
Threatning the height of his vsurped reigne.  
As when *Alcides* with ill fate had scene  
The tempting beauties of the *Oechalian* Queene,  
His brawny shouldiers straight forget to weare  
The lions skin, his awfull hand to beare  
The monster-raming club; from his rough head  
The poplar garland falls; no tyrants dread  
That world-auenging strength; which had well nigh  
Beene sunke into a famelesse lethargy.  
And *Iuno's* hopes of great *Alcides* fall  
A womans beautie further'd more then all  
Those mostrous plagues which she had power t'inuent,  
Or could from aire, earth, seas, or hell be sent.  
But fortune findes alarums to awake  
The foule of *Cæsar* from this dreame, and make  
Compleat for him the worke she had begun,  
VWhither she hasten'd *Romes* sad ruine on;

## The second Booke.

Or rather blusht such liberties and lawes  
Should owe their safety to so base a cause  
As *Cæsar's* sloth; and iudg'd it better farre  
Than keepe it so, to lose it by a warre:  
That warre alone, which built vp *Romes* high reigne,  
Should now have power to ruine her againe.  
Nor were the Fates pleas'd that the wanton lone  
Of *Cleopatra* should more helpfull prone  
To *Romes* affaires, than all those iust-drawne swords;  
Which once *Thessalia*, *Libya* now affords.  
Yet was it now no strength, no armes of *Rome*,  
No part of Ciuill warre drew *Cæsar* from  
*Egypt's* delights; f *Pharnaces* feeble power  
Prouok'd him first to make him Conquerour  
Of greater forces than his owne; as when  
A sleeping Lyon's couched in his den,  
The horned beards securely graze along  
The verdant pastures; till that Lyon stung  
By some presumptuous little Gnat, awake;  
And wanting there his full reuenge, doth make  
Those cattrell feeble his wrath; whose liues anon  
Doe rue the little Gnat's presumption.

This false *Pharnaces*, who from *Pompey's* hand  
Recent'd (as price of parricide) the land  
Of rich *Cimmerian Bosphorus*, was sonne  
To *Mitridates*, whose fear'd power had wonne  
From *Nicomedes* his *Bithynia*,  
Conquer'd *Armenia*, *Cappadocia*,  
And weakeyest *Græcian* Iles, whose swelling fame  
Began to riual *Romes* victorious name,  
And long withstood her growing Fate; at last  
By *Pompey's* force from all his kingdomes chac'd  
He fell by treason, to increase the shame  
Of his false sonne, and lessen *Pompey's* fame.

## The Second Booke.

*Pharnaces* now with vaine ambition swell'd;  
Deceiu'd by flattering hopes, when he beheld  
Romes broyles, and saw how her diuided bands  
Against themselves employ'd their conquering hands,  
Sought to regain what once his father had,  
And 'gan the Roman provinces invade:  
In Asia minor, (his first enterprise  
Fortune beholding with propitious eyes)  
*Domitius* fall, who with ill Fate employ'd  
The swords of *Cesar*, rais'd his boasting pride;  
*Nicopolis*, whose lofty walls were there  
Founded as *Pompey's* Trophies, still to beare  
Name of his Conquest, and the place to shew  
Of *Mitridates* finall ouerthrow,  
Beheld the slaughter of *Domitius* hosts  
A parentation to the Ponticke ghosts.

Nine times had *Cynthia* now restor'd againe  
Light to her waned hornes, when *Cesar* chain'd  
In *Cleopatra's* wanton armes, had stay'd  
On *Aegypts* coast; her swelling wombe display'd  
At last th' effect of an adulterous bed,  
Whom *Cesar*, thus departing, comforted:

Faire Queene, sole mistresse of thy *Cesar's* State,  
The fate of him that rules all other fate,  
*Pharnaces* cruell to himselfe and me,  
With his owne ruine parts our companie.  
His treasons, Loue, now call my vengefull Steele.  
Doe thou not grieue, the conquer'd foes shall feele  
Our parting grieffe, and in their slaughter see  
With how much anger *Cesar* goes from thee.  
But that poore King dares not my force withstand;  
He onely drawes me from this happy land,  
To make a iourney rather than a warre,  
For he at first will flye, and eafter farre

## The second Booke:

May I obtaine a conquest than a fight:  
His dastard troops my name alone shall fright;  
And easie triumph comes; but I from thee  
Goe grieu'd to triumphs, sad to victory.  
From thee, whose eyes make *Aegypt* swarthy face  
Brighter than that white path the gods doe trace:  
Without whose light no land breeds my content,  
And Rome it selfe to me is banishment.  
But Fate to vs farre greater conquests owes:  
How much, alas, would *Cleopatra* lose  
If *Cæsar* stay'd at home? we haue not yet  
Fully attain'd that world-commanding height,  
That must enthronethy beauty in a State  
High as it selfe, for all to wonder at,  
Like some new Constellation: those that neare  
Th' Antartick pole, ye' re see the Northern Beare  
Descend into the Ocean; those that lye  
(Enduring winters lasting tyranny)  
Vnder the frozen waine, and lose the sight  
Of bright *Canopus*, whose desired light  
Cheeres this Horizon still, shall both adore  
Faيرة *Cleopatra's* name; the farthest shore  
That *Peleus* siluer-footed wife doth know,  
Shall honour thee, euen Rome her selfe shall blow;  
And with her Eagles shall thy State maintaine,  
Whilest Kings doe wait it *Cleopatra's* traine.  
For such effects, faire Queene, (if *Cæsar* know  
His Fate aright) shall this our parting now  
Returne to thee when I in triumph come:  
By this deare part of *Cæsar*, which thy wombe  
Encloses here, thou shalt engage our speed:  
Therefore farewell; we must pursue in deed  
Our consultations, swiftly as we thought.  
But *Cleopatra*, whom loues Queene had taught

## The Second Booke.

All winning wiles; and blest with such a face  
As teares became, and grieve it selfe did grace,  
Thus with a seeming grieve, and teares replies;  
I dare not hope to change the Fates, or prize  
My worthlesse prayers at so high a rate,  
As to haue power to change at all the State  
Of *Caesar's* great resolues, on which depend  
All nations Fates, and all the Starres attend.  
If by their prayers fraile Mortalitie  
Should hope to alter what the gods decree,  
'Twere a proud piety. I'le rather lose  
My suit, and checke my loue, than interpose  
It so; and rather to my selfe deny  
The happinesse of *Caesar's* company,  
Than loue it with so great presumption,  
As, for mine owne delights, to hinder one  
Of his resolues; yet pardon, mighty Lord,  
If to mine owne desires I doe afford  
One place in loue: cannot Great *Caesar* thrive  
In these his warres, if *Cleopatra* liue  
Neere to his person? Can it ouerthrow  
His fortune, to procure my safety so?  
There's no retreat in all the world for me,  
So safe as thy victorious Campe will be,  
But I am pleas'd to stay at thy command  
In *Egypt* still, and still suppose this land  
Within Great *Caesar's* reach; whose powerfull hands  
From siluer Ganges to the Bactrick lands,  
From Pole to Pole extend their conquering force:  
No distances of place can long diuorce  
Vs two, if *Caesar* in his loue can be  
As speedy as in warre and victory,  
And march as farre to finde his friends as foes:  
This pledge, which I within my selfe inclose,

## The second Booke.

Assures thy longing minde against delay,  
That *Cesar* long will not protract his stay.  
Then with a kisse he bad the *Queene* adieu;  
And wing'd with haste, into *Armenia* flew  
Swifter than lightning, or the Southern wind  
Along through *Libya's* yeelding ayre, to find  
*Pharnaces* out; whom he (past thought) oretooke  
Neere *Zela* walls, and vanquish'd with a looke.  
Soone beat, he left behinde him nought at all  
That might deserue a mention, but his fall:  
Nor can there ought of this short warre be said  
But *Cesar* came, and saw, and vanquished.

How much did *Pompey's* honour suffer there,  
When *Cesar's* troops beheld that nations feare?  
And saw how easie 'twas to conquer them?  
How vnder seru'd did his great triumph seeme  
Ore *Pontus* and *Armenia*? More was lost  
Than poore *Pharnaces* Crowne, and feeble host;  
The fame of *Pompey* was orethrowne that day,  
When *Cesar* boasting could finde cause to say,  
Oh *Pompey*, happy thou, that by defeat  
Of these base nations, got'st the name of Great;  
Whilest I subdumg the fierce *Gauls*, deseru'd  
No name, enioy'd no triumph: hadst thou seru'd  
Beyond the frozen *Alpes*, or past the bound  
Of *Rhenes* swift streame, the big-bon'd *German* found,  
A difference 'twixt our acts thou then had'st seene;  
Our Ciuill warres perchance had neuer beene.

Yet ere that he from thence to *Affrick* passe,  
Though haste important vrge him, in the place  
A stately *Trophee* he erects to show  
To future times *Pharnaces* ouerthrow,  
Not farre from that proud *Trophee*, which before  
Great *Mithridates* for his Conquest ore

## The Second Booke,

*Triarius*, had erected : that this story  
Might quite eclipse old *Mithridates* glory;  
Or please his Manes, that the field there wonne  
Tooke punishment from his vnnaturall sonne.

But greater warres call *Caesar* thence away;  
*Scipio* not farre from *Adrumetum* lay  
With all the power of Rome, but did not know  
Since Winters fury was d, expect a foe.  
For *Phæbus* lampe, to our Horizon low;  
The shortest dayes, and coldest did bestow  
From *Capricorne*, cold Winter glaz'd the floods,  
And purld with frost, the fields and naked woods,  
But *Caesar's* heart admitting no delay,  
Whose speedy march no season ere could stay,  
When he his third Dictatorship at Rome  
Had tane, and thence to Sicily was come,  
Lest any time should to his fame be lost,  
Euen then the Seas from *Lilybrum* crost  
And sayling by the Libyan shores, espies  
Great *Carthages* halfe-ruin'd edifice;  
And *Clupeas* satall station passes by  
With griefe, remembering vnhappy  
Bold *Curio* there did with his legions land,  
A wofull prey to *Tuba's* barbarous band.  
Then from this ominous place he failes away  
Westward along; and leauing *Vtica*  
(Where *Cato* then in Garrison did lye;  
*Cato* the soule of Roman liberty,  
Who from that Towne must shortly take a name,  
And leaue the Towne, in lieu, eternall fame)  
At *Adrumetum* lands; vpon which coast  
*Scipio* encamps with all his Roman host,



## The second Booke.

### Annotations to the second Booke.

**D**ion relates it thus; Cæsar having subdued Egypt, would not subiect it, as a Province to the people of Rome, but bestowed it wholly upon Cleopatra, for whose sake hee had made the whole warre in Egypt; yet fearing lest the Egyptians under the reigue of a woman would rebell againe, and that he might perchance alienate the hearts of the Romans from himselfe by reason of this, and the familiarity which he was knowne to have with Cleopatra, he gave her in marriage to her younger brother, and confirmed the Kingdome to them both; which was indeed but a show, for Cleopatra wholly possessed the power; her husband being a child; therefore under a pretext of marriage, by which she should ioyne with her brother in the Kingdome, shee both reigned alone, and enjoyed the bed of Cæsar. Dion. lib 42.

**T**his Cæsario, both Dion and Plutarch report to be the sonne of Iulius Cæsar by Cleopatra, when after the Alexandrian warre, and before his expedition against King Pharnaces, he staid in Egypt (according to Dion) nine months: after the victory of Augustus Cæsar against Marcus Antonius and Cleopatra, this Cæsario being sent away for safety into Æthiopia (saith Dion) was intercepted in the iourney, and slaine by Cæsar's command: the reasons that moued Augustus to this cruelty were, partly the Counsell (according to Plutarch) of Arius the Philosopher, his Tutor, who told him it was not safe to suffer too many Cæsars: partly the remembrance of what Antonius had done, who before had commended this Cæsario to the old Soldiers, advising them rather to honour the true and naturall sonne of Iulius Cæsar, than Octavius, who was but an adopted heire.

**Scipio was chosen Generall of all the Roman forces in**

## The second Booke.

Affrica that meant to continue the war against Cæsar, partly by reason of his dignitie, and partly by an absurd persuasion (saith Dion) that no Scipio in Affrick could be unfortunate: which thing when Cæsar perceived might encourage the enemy, and dishearten his Souldiers, he tooke along with him a certaine obscure man descended of the vasse of the Scipio's, and of that name (but his surname was Salaito) and with him to thwart the other superstitious feare, he landed at Adrumesum before the enemy expected him, it being then an unseasonable time of the yeare. Dion, lib. 43.

<sup>a</sup> Varus so long had governed those Countries, and was so puffed up by the victory of Luba (saith Dion) that hee contended with Scipio himselfe for the chiefe command: but by the authority of Cato it was swayed on Scipio's side. Cato, when all the Souldiers offered to him the chiefe command, or at least to be ioyned Generall with Scipio, refused both; accounting it iust that he which by the lawes had attained the highest dignitie, should haue now the greatest command; but hee himselfe had neuer attained to so much dignitie in Rome as Scipio; to him therefore of his owne accord he yeelded place, and gaue him also that army which he had brought into Affrick. Dion, lib. 43.

<sup>e</sup> Petreus had before beene vanquished by Cæsar in Spaine. Lucan. lib. 4. Hee was then pardoned and (as free upon oath neuer to warre against Cæsar againe; which oath here he violated.

<sup>f</sup> Cleopatra (saith Dion) had stayed Cæsar longer in Egypt, or else accompanied him to Rome, if Pharnaces had not beene the hinderance: this Pharnaces the sonne of great Mithridates was King of Bosphorus Cimmericus; but moued with an ambitious desire of recovering all his fathers Kingdomes, while Rome was intangled in ciuill warre, hee had rebelled: and during the time of the ciuill and Egyptian warres, had with small adde subdued Colchis, and all Armenia,

## The Second Booke.

nia, in the absence of Deiotarus, besides so many Cities of Cappadocia, Pontus, and Bithynia. Cæsar busied then in the affaires of Ægypt, and hoping to subdue Pharnaces by a Lieutenants hand, sends Domitius Calpinus to that warre, commanding him to take the regency of Asia, and of those armies which he found there. Domitius joining the Kings Deiotarus and Ariobarzanes to him, marches directly against Pharnaces, who was then at Nicopolis, where in fight Domitius was vanquished Dion. lib. 42.

Those three words, Veni, vidi, vici, did afterward in Cæsar's triumph expresse his sudden Conquest of Pharnaces and that then he uttered such a speech concerning Pompey. Appian is my authority.

In Cæsar in the midst of winter sailed into Affrica: by which speed of his (saith Dion) in coming unawares upon his enemies, he had often prospered in his greatest affaires: nor was there any other so great reason, why Cæsar so much excelled all other Generals of those times, as his wonderful speed in all expeditions. Dion, lib. 42.

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FINIS.

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# THE THIRD BOOKE

## The Argument of the third Booke.

*Iuba from Scipio to his Kingdome goes,  
Cæsar escapes the ambush of the foes,  
And till th' arrivall of his full supplies  
Himselfe within Rhodospina fortifies.  
Sage Cato's counsell to great Pompey's sonne.  
Iuba's returne; the whole warre meets upon  
Vzzita's plaines, and is remov'd from thence  
To Thapsus fatall fields; what dire offents  
Fergoe the battell; Cæsar's victory.  
To severall coasts the vanquish'd Princes flie.*

**N**ow neere this mighty warre  
began to draw:  
Those blood-stain'd swords,  
which dire Pharsalia saw,  
With no lesse guilt in Libya meet againe,  
To draw that little blood that did remaine  
In Rome's afflicted State. Why did you spare  
It then, oh gods, to make a second warre?  
Was it cause one, though ne're so great a blow,  
The Roman Empire could not overthrow?  
Or must moe lands behold her fall? moe grounds  
Drinke in the blood of her unnaturall wounds?  
Or must this second warre declare to all  
The State subsisted after Pompey's fall,

And

### The third Booke.

And once againe her freedome might haue seene,  
Had *Caesar's* warre alone 'gainst *Pompey* beene.  
Rome now in Affrick is; those scorched grounds  
That once her Conquest saw, now see her wounds,  
Where once the *Scipio's* with triumphant Fate  
Aduanc'd her Eagles 'gainst a riual State:  
This *Scipio* now, in stead of barbarous foes,  
In Romes behalfe 'gainst Romes Dictator goes.

But Fate a while, content with meaner play,  
Respits the tryall of so great a day.  
So many liues, as there resolu'd were met,  
Must not be throwne into the hazard yet.  
Nor must sad *Thersites* give the fatall blow  
Of *Iuba's* fall, and *Scipio's* puerthrow,  
Vntill *Rhaspina*, and *Vzzita's* walls  
Haue felt the force of both the Generalls,  
And other parts of Affrick haue beheld,  
Some bloody Prologues to so great a field.  
Fortune a while from helping *Scipio*,  
Diuer'ts King *Iuba's* strength, intorc'd to goe  
With speedy marches to his Kingdomes ayd;  
Which *Sittius* now and *Bacchus* did inuade,  
And *Caesar's* troops remaining on the shore  
Of Sicily, himselfe had crossed ore  
Into a land possessed by his foes,  
With one weake new-fill'd legion; nor to those  
That stay'd behind, could he appoint the port  
Where they should land, or whither to resort,  
(As he in former warres had euer done)  
Committing all to Fortunes rule anon.  
So much on her protection he rely'd;  
Nor had she euer fail'd his greatest need.  
Could it not seeme to thine ambitious thought  
*Caesar*, enough, that Fortune euer wrought

Th accom

### The third Booke.

Th'accomplishment of all thy highest hopes  
When ere in field inuiron'd with thy troops  
Thou foughts against the greatest foes; but she  
Without an army too, must succour thee,  
And all thy rash adventures rectifie?  
Was not thy scape from Ægypt's treachery,  
Thy safe arriuall on Brundisiums shore;  
(The stormy Seas so boldly ventur'd ore  
From Greece by night) enough for her to doe?  
How oft shall Fortune more her fauour show  
From private dangers in protecting thee,  
Than in bestowing th' earths sole Monarchy?

From Adrumetum where in Garrison  
*Confidius* lay, whose truth could not be won  
From *Scipio's* side, does *Caesar* march away  
With his small army, but in faire aray.  
Since now his highest hopes were not to get  
The Towne, but thence in safety to retreat.  
Nor was that granted him; *Confidius* horse  
With furious sallies oft molest his course,  
And vex his armies here; & encounter those  
Assaults, does *Caesar* in the here dispose  
The ablest men, and marching slowly on,  
Safe to *Rhuspina* brings his legion.  
Nor did that act of warre, though seeming small;  
But well become so great a Generall.  
From thence remouing, *Leptis* him receiues,  
In which a little Garrison he leaues,  
And to *Rhuspina* marches backe againe;  
That onely Towne in Affrick did remaine  
A safe retreat for *Caesar's* feeble power:  
Northither then, vnlesse a Conquerour,  
Could he arrine; danger beset the way:  
*Fierce Labienus* and *Pacidus* lay

## The third Booke.

In ambush there ; in which, though timely spy'd,  
Was *Cæsar's* skill, and Fortune wholly try'd.  
He breakes with conquest through the aduerse troops,  
Fortune but mocking *Labiæus* hopes.  
Who now with losse forsakes the field, and beares  
To *Adrumetum* his hurt Souldiers.  
*Cæsar* returning with his little band  
Vnto *Rhusphina*, takes a worke in hand  
Of wondrous toyle, (since now resolu'd no more  
To march from thence, till on the *Libyan* shore  
His legions all arriue ; whom euery day  
Chiding the Winds, and Fortune for their stay,  
His eager thoughts expect) two trenches downe  
To the Sea-shore he drawes, one from the Towne,  
Another from his Campe ; on either side  
With sharpen'd stakes, and engines fortif'd  
So well, as that, without the Garrison  
They might by land secure both Campe and Towne,  
And make the shore betweene at his dispose ;  
But there inclos'd by his insulting foes,  
(For *Scipio* now with his great strength drew nigh)  
He payes, in wants, for that security.  
Nor can his men from out their Trenches goe  
To fetch prouision in by land, the foe  
Cuts off all passage there ; and in disdain  
Of *Cæsar's* weaknesse, on the spacious plaine  
*Scipio* oft sets his Battels in aray,  
Who 'mongst themselues in wanton skirmish play,  
And exercise their Elephants, in sight  
Of *Cæsar's* trenches, and vnusual fight  
In Roman armies ; those beasts ne're had beene  
'Till *Pyrrhus* warr'd with Rome, by Romans scene ;  
Ner e're in triumph to the people showne,  
Till the Dictator *Curius* had orethrowne



## The third Booke.

The Samnites, Sabines, and King *Pyrrhus* power;  
The like *Metellus* Cretes fam'd Conquerour,  
From his Sicilian Victory did bring,  
And *Pompey's* Triumph ore Numidia's King,  
Uncertaine ayds in warre they euer proue,  
And with like danger to both armies moue  
As well their owne annoying as the foes,  
Fitter for other labours (sure) than those;  
Nor, though their strength be wondrous, for that end  
Did prudent nature those great beasts intend,  
The Nabathæan lands, where they are bred,  
Are recompenc'd with those rich teeth they shed:  
Through all the world a wealthy merchandise,  
Which on their deaths oft sets a greedy price:  
But greater farre the Easterne countrey yeelds  
Than those within the Mauritanian fields,  
And farre more fierce; such as in India  
Great *Alexander's* frighted Souldiers saw.

These mighty beasts, as they in bulke exceed  
And passe in strength all other farre, that feed  
On earths vast bosome, doe as farre excell  
(If ancient authors haue obserued well)  
In apprehension, and large faculties  
Of soule; 'mongst beasts they onely exercise  
Those qualities (or like to them) which we  
In men stile vertues; perfect equitie  
They keepe, and lawes of iustice haue in vse;  
To which all morall vertues we reduce.  
Nor are these creatures thought by some to be  
Quite voyd of th' intellectuall facultie.  
But that they can discerne and vnderstand  
The language spoken in their native land;  
And might discourse, if to so strange a wit  
Nature had pleas'd to lend them organs fit:

## The third Booke.

Not speake as Crows and Parrats oft haue done  
By imitation of a sound alone.  
If we so much to Elephants should giue,  
Why should we call them creatures sensitiue?  
We must extend the faculty of sense  
To larger bounds; and put lesse difference  
'Twixt that and reason, or betwixt the two  
Finde out a middle region to bestow  
Their knowledge in; as to some things that liue  
We place 'twixt sense and vegetation giue,  
But in a higher kinde (as some relate)  
Doe Elephants with men communicate.  
(If you beleeeue it) a religion  
They haue, and monethly doe adore the Moone;  
Beside the lofty Nabathæan wood  
Of vast extent, Amylo's gentle flood  
Gliding along the sandy mould combines:  
Thither, as oft as waxing *Cynthia* shines  
In her first borrowed light, from out the wood  
Come all the Elephants, and in the flood  
Washing themselues (as if to purifie)  
They prostrate fall; and when religiously  
They haue ador'd the Moone, returne againe  
Into the woods with ioy. Nor halfe so vaine  
Is this deuotion which these beasts present,  
As that which men more brutishly inuent,  
Nor (as the mad Egyptians vs'd) doe they  
To Dogges and Snakes, and vilest creatures pray,  
Nor to the senselesse Leekes and Onions bow,  
Such gods as yearly in their Gardens grow;  
Nor yet to wood or stone deuotion doe,  
More senselesse than the stones they bow vnto;  
A farre more glorious creature they adore.  
Should this be true of Elephants; farre more

## The third Booke.

Wise in Religion are those beasts than men;  
But if that this a fiction be, why then  
Did mens inuention faine a beast to be  
Wiser, than are themselves, in Piety?

While at Rhuspina both the Generalls  
Encamped rest, in Vtica's strong walls  
Cato remaines with Pompey's eldest Sonne,  
Whom thus sage Cato sharply sets vpon:  
Awake young man, and now in time redeeme  
Thy youth from sloath-bred scorne; from disesteeme  
Goe vindicate the name of Pompey now:  
Goe try all Kingdomes, search all Seas to know  
How great thy father was, what fame he wonne;  
How strong he leaues thee in thy name alone:  
Try if the Seas, which his braue hand did free  
From Pyrats, can deny a fleet to thee.  
That stocks of glory which thy father won,  
And left behinde for thee to spend vpon,  
Arms thee with strength enough (though nought beside  
So good a cause could lend) 'gainst Caesar's pride.  
Goe try the farthest West, sollicite Spaine;  
The name of Pompey is enough to gaine  
Those Nations to thy side: if nought at all  
Thy groning Countries sufferings, nor the fall  
Of Roman liberty affect thy minde:  
Although thou could'st endure a Lord, and finde  
Content in seruing, yet the wrongs which thou  
Alone from Caesar suffrest, were enow  
To rowze thy spirits, and stirre thine enmity.  
If thy great Father for Romes liberty  
And Lawes alone fought in Pharsalia,  
As great a Fortune did'st thou lose that day  
As on a private Citizen could light:  
But if thy Father for himselfe did fight,

## The third Booke.

Thy losse was more, and *Caesar* then from thee  
By conquest tooke the Worlds sole Monarchy:  
But would'st thou know the true inheritance  
Which he did, dying, leaue thee, to aduance  
The name of *Pompey*; which may euer be  
Thine owne, in spite of *Caesar's* enmitie,  
Which honour bids thee claime, and Rome now needs?  
The imitation of his noble deeds  
Is thine inheritance: 'twas his braue Fate,  
When great bad men had seiz'd th'afflicted State,  
When *Marius* faction did the walls inuade,  
And Rome it selfe a slaughter-house was made,  
To saue his Countrey bleeding then, as now,  
And not so much in debt to yeares as thou.  
When he no honours yet, no titles had,  
No power at all but what his vertue made,  
He rais'd an army, rescu'd Italy.  
By him did *Carbo* in Sicilia dye,  
By him did Spaine behold *Sertorius* fall:  
And then in triumph to the Capitoll,  
He, but a Gentleman of Rome did bring.  
*Hyempsal* vanquish'd the Numidian King.  
All this before he had attain'd vnto  
Thy age, young *Pompey*, did thy father doe;  
Which to his future greatnesse made the way:  
And sleep'st thou here? What helpe in Africa  
Lend'st thou to Rome more than one private hand?  
Goe gather forces in another land,  
Repaire the ruines of thy house, or die  
Great as thy birth has made thee. No reply  
Young *Pompey* made at all; but, as if from  
Some sacred Oracle the speech had come,  
Or Romes owne voyce from *Cato's* brest had spoke,  
His modesty obey'd, and straitway tooke

### The third Booke.

A long & farewell, neuer to meet againe ;  
But finde a Tombe in Europe, and to Spaine  
Carry as great a part to Romes sad wounds  
As dire Theſſalia's bloud-distained grounds,  
Or fatall Thapſus ſaw. Though deſtinie  
Hauc not allotted, brane young man, to thee  
So great and long a race of happineſſe  
As to thy Father, yet thy fall no leſſe  
Than his ſhall be in weight, nor ſhall the field  
Of fatall Munda to Pharfalia yeeld.

*Cæſar* ſupply'd with ſtrength from Sicily  
Marches away, to take and fortiſie  
Thoſe lofty Hills (in ſight of enemies)  
Which from the champion, neere Vzzita, riſe ;  
Which Hills he takes and fortiſies with eaſe ;  
Though *Labienuſ* vain-lay'd ambuſhes  
To their owne ruine did moleſt his way,  
By *Cæſar*'s Scouts diſcouer'd where they lay  
Too ſoone ; and ſo by changed Fate, call'd on  
In ſtead of his, their owne deſtruction.  
So a Getulian Lion when beſet  
By weak-arm'd Hunters, whoſe vaine force doth whet  
Not daunt his courage, with collected ire  
Breakes through, and makes his wounded foes retire ;  
His ſeeming danger nought but anger moues,  
And fatall onely to the Hunters proues.

*Iuba* return'd and ioyn'd with *Scipio*,  
With all their forces to Vzzita goe :  
Now the whole warre was met ; Vzzita's walls  
Beheld the Campes of both Romes Generals.  
Thrice there did *Scipio* his whole ſtrength diſplay ;  
Thrice *Cæſar* ſet his battels in aray  
Eager of fight ; and thrice prouok'd his foe,  
To triall of the day ; but *Scipio*

## The third Booke.

Would not th' aduantage of the place forsake,  
Nor did the Destinies intend to make  
Vzzita guilty of so great a stain,  
Which did for Thaplus fatall fields remaine,  
Whither, dislodging from his Campe by night:  
(When *Scipio* could not be prouok'd to fight)  
With prosperous Omen, *Cæsar* marches on:  
There then *Virgilus* lay in Garrison,  
Faithfull to *Scipio* and the Senates side,  
The place by Nature strongly fortifi'd,  
*Scipio* and *Iuba* fellow, though the ayre  
Gauo sad presages of the future warre,  
The Earth and Skies the like; his mourning face  
The Sunne with clouds obscured: in whose place  
Ruine portending Comets did display  
Their blazing Lamps, and made a dismall day:  
And lightning through th' vnertaine ayre gaue light  
More full of horror than the shades of night,  
The thunders voyce was heard there where the air  
From clouds was free; and th' horrid noise of warre  
From thence resounded; Helmes of brasse did sweat,  
Some Piles and Swords did melt; nor could they get  
By strength their heavy Standards from the ground;  
Which swarmes of Bees ore spread; a hollow sound  
Of Lions sadly murmuring was heard  
About the Campe; the Mountaines all appear'd  
To moue, which did about Vzzita stand,  
And from the farthest part of Libyan land  
The Mauritanian *Atlas* seem'd to shake  
His sky-supporting top: Birds seem'd to take  
Vnusuall flights, sad entrailes did appeare,  
And fill'd the sacrificing Priests with feare:  
Nor meane the gods, when these portents they show,  
'To teach fraile mortalls to preuent the woe,

## *The third Booke.*

But feare it onely. The vnhappy troops  
To Thapsus march distraught twixt feares and hopes,  
Where this great warre shall shortly find an end,  
On which so many ruines doe depend

The Libyan Thapsus a Sea-bordering Towne,  
An Ile almost by situation,  
Is by that Sea, which Affrick doth diuide  
From Sicily, enuiron'd at one side;  
The other side a spacious fenne oreflowes,  
Guarding that part from all approach of foes:  
Betwixt the Sea, and that great fenne, doth stand  
(The onely passage to the Towne by land)  
A little Isthmos, which (although not wide)  
A standing lake doth in the mid'st diuide,  
And makes two narrow passages of one:  
Within these straits, not farre from Thapsus Towne  
*Cæsar* is enter'd now with all his troops,  
And with strong works; and deep-digg'd trenches stops  
All meanes of sallies from the Towne, that might  
Perchance infect his armies nere in fight.

*Scipio* encamp'd there where the Isthmos ends  
Within the continent, with speed intends  
To draw a trench downe to the shore, and so  
Within that necke of land shut vp the foe:  
But till the worke be perfected, to hide  
What he intends, or battell to abide,  
In faire array he marshals all his bands:  
Himselfe with his Italian legions stands  
In the mid-battell; *Iuba's* legions  
Mixt of so many severall Nations  
Make the right battell; on the left doth stand  
Stout *Labienus*, with a warlike band  
Of Gaules, which he had from Brundisium led,  
And German troops, which from Pharsalia fled.

## *The third Booke,*

Old foes to *Cæsar*: thither *Varrus* brings  
His Libyan cohorts: but before both wings  
The mighty Elephants are plac'd, to fright  
The foes first on-set; and by them the light  
Numidian horse, and Mauritanian too;  
Behinde the beasts the light-arm'd Souldiers goe,  
His poyson'd Quiuer the blacke Mibian beares,  
The strong Mazacians their well-brandish'd Spears  
Of ayme as sure as Parthian Shafts; by these  
With crooked Swords the Adyrmachides.  
But seeing *Cæsar's* army in aray,  
And now not likely to protract the day,  
Thus *Scipio* speaks, True Romans, if a cause  
So iust, so great, as to this battell drawes  
Your farre-engaged hands, could need at all  
Any incitements from a Generall,  
The wrongs of Rome, the foes impiety  
Afford too large, too sad a scope for me  
To play the Oratour: and though the fall  
Of our sad State and Lawes in generall  
Should not affect your mindes; cast but an eye  
Vpon those bloud-stain'd fields of Theffaly,  
Thinke on Pharsalia's slaughter, and learne there  
What each man suffers in particular,  
Beside the publike losse; let every ghost  
Of friend or kinsman, that that day was lost,  
(Yet vnreueng'd) excite your valour now;  
On vs the gods and Fortune here bestow  
A iuster cause than there, for *Cæsar's* guilt  
Was not so great before that bloud was spilt;  
Nor could that honour, Souldiers, haue beens gain'd  
In Theffaly, that may be here obtain'd  
By *Cæsar's* fall; now his esteeme is more,  
Although his strength no greater than before,

And



## The third Booke.

And we are bound to Fortune, who in this  
On equall hazard sets a greater price.  
Nor need you feare that she should now forsake  
Her Romes defence, whom she has toyld to make  
Head of the World so long, because you saw  
*Cæsar* subdu'd Rome in *Pharfalia*.

The date of *Pompey's* fortune was expir'd,  
How many triumphs, which her fauour tir'd,  
So long had lasted, as it had beene thought,  
(Had *Cæsar* fall'n when that great field was fought)  
Not Romes, but *Pompey's* fortune had preuail'd;  
And Rome then onely her long fauour fail'd,  
As loth a private man should thinke her his,  
And she depriu'd of publike sacrifice.  
But thinke not, Romans, the rebellious Fate  
Of one proud man shall still out-weigh the State;  
Nor does the anger of the gods appeare  
(If this good Omen we may trust) that here  
On Affricks Sun-burnt face you meet the foe  
Vnder the conduct of a *Scipio*.

I need not boast what euery Nation knowes,  
With what triumphant Fate the *Scipio's*  
In Affrick haue aduanc'd Romes power and fame,  
How well her Fortune pleas'd her in that name?  
And what forbids vs hope the like, since we  
As lawfully are armed here, and he,  
Whom now our loyall valour copes withall,  
As great a foe to Rome as *Hannibal*?  
Into your hands the gods haue put their doome;  
Nought but your vertue can restore to Rome  
Her Lawes, and banish'd Citizens againe,  
For banished are you, and must remaine  
For euer so, vnlesse you conquer here:  
He that would see his native land, his neere

## The third Booke.

And dearest pledges, by the Sword must now  
Redeeme them all in *Cæsars* ouerthrow.  
Their spirits were rowzed; and the Roman troops  
Inflam'd with loue of fight, and fill'd with hopes;  
No lesse did *Iuba's* barbarous Nations,  
With rude and different acclamations  
Desire a signall, and precipitate  
With eagernesse, their owne vnhappy Fate.  
*Cæsar* perceiuing that the gods gaue way  
To his desire, and now the wish'd for day  
Of fight was come, aduances, and thus cheeres  
With confidence his forward Souldiers.  
The time is come, braue Souldiers, that must crowne  
And guerdon all the seruice you haue done,  
That must conclude the labours of the Sword,  
And (maugre enuy) to your heads afford  
All those triumphant Bayes, which hitherto  
Haue beene deferr'd, deseru'd so long agoe,  
For conquer'd Gallia, Brittain, Germany,  
Treacherous *Pharnases*, and false *Ptolomeys*  
All these has Fortune but deferr'd till now,  
To ioyne with them proud *Iuba's* ouerbrow  
Great as the greatest; and this field, when done,  
Confirms, or loses all that we haue wonne:  
But 'twere a crime to doubt it, since I see  
Those looks that neuer fail'd of victorie.  
Let yon torne remnant of *Pharalialia* know  
Their Conquerors. More would he say, when loe  
From the right wing, nor staying his command,  
The Trumpets sound a charge, and from their stand,  
(Although the Tribunes and Centurions strue  
To keepe them backe) the souldiers rush to giue  
The on-set straight; nor them in vaine to stay  
Does *Cæsar* strue, but giues their courage way:

## The third Booke.

As when two Charriots are prepar'd to run,  
And one too hasty from the list is gone,  
In vaine the Charrioter their course would stay,  
Th' vngouern'd Horses hurry him away.

Then with a rage as great as if two Seas  
(Some god remouing, for the Sailers ease,  
The long Malza) should each other meet,  
Both hosts incounter, and begin the fight  
With horrid shows, that all the Mountaines nigh  
Resound aloud, and backe from Sicily  
High Lilybæum to the Libyan shore,  
Returnes againe their eccho'd clamours ore,  
As much afraid to harbour but the sound  
Of such a warre, within that quiet ground:  
Their noyse not that of Thracian *Boreas*  
Among the Pines of *Ossa*, can surpassie,  
Nor that which Nilus falling water makes  
Precipitated downe the Cataracts,  
When with his foame he seemes to laue the sky,  
And strikes a deafenesse through the dwellers nigh.  
Mischiefe and fury rage, reuenge doth one  
Excite, the other indignation:  
That after *Pompey's* death the warre at all  
Should laste, and finde another Generall.  
Blood all th' adioyning fenne discolours ore,  
And makes a floud, where ne're was floud before,  
And from the moisture of so many wounds,  
Combines the mould of *Africks* thirsty grounds,  
Through both the hosts *Erys*'s blazing light  
Like fatall lightning flashing flies t'excite  
Their thoughts to fury, the Tartarian god  
Set ope the vaults where Libyan ghosts abode,  
And from th' infernall cauernes let them free  
To view a while this fatall Tragedy.

And

## The third Booke.

And glut their dire reuenge with Roman blood:  
Vpon the Mountaines gloomy tops they stood,  
Blasting the day, and round about the hosts  
Making a balefull ring, the cruell ghosts  
Of *Ingritib*, *Syphax*, and great *Hannibal*,  
Who for their owne, and Carthages sad fall  
Did then excuse the gods, when they beheld  
The Roman fury in that mortall field.  
Yet in Romes ruine Libya suffers too:  
More wracke, alas, shall this sad battell doe  
Than after-ages can repaire with ease.  
More desolation now, more wilde roneesse  
The wasted face of Affrick shall orespread,  
And beasts possesse the seats of Nations dead:  
Where feared Monarches once gaue Lawes to men  
Shall Lions reigne, and Tygers make their dens;  
The slimy Serpents all alone shall crawle,  
And wanting men, shall be no plague at all.  
*Cesar* foreseeing th' Elephants that were  
In front of *Iuba's* battell, would strike feare  
Into his troops, doth such a cure prouide  
As quite conuertts vpon the other side  
The Fate that threatned his; to the right wing  
His choycest bowes, and missile armes he brings,  
And sets them, at faire distance, opposite  
To th' Elephants; who there begin the fight  
With such successe, as makes thole beasts to be  
The onely cause of *Cesar's* victory.  
For gaul'd with shafts, confusedly they run  
In spite of their distracted guides, vpon  
Their owne vnhappy troops, to sudden rout  
Putting all *Iuba's* quarter round about,  
And bearing downe all that before them lay  
To *Cesar's* conquest make a speedy way;

Their

## The third Booke.

Their mighty strength, since now vngouerned,  
Is by the hand of Fortune onely led,  
And brings aduantage to that side alone,  
Which she is pleased to bestow it on.  
The Mauritanian, and Numidian horse,  
Which there were plac'd, by th' Elephants rude force  
Orethrowne, were crush'd to death, or headlong downe  
Into the trenches with their riders throwne,  
Some few escaping by disorder'd flight;  
The light-arm'd Souldiers mixt with these to fight  
Rest of their shelter, now by heapes are slaine,  
And to the foes a prey, no warre, remaine;  
And tire (as standing not to fight but dye)  
With their bare throats the murthering enemy:  
Nought there, alas, can weake Baturians doe  
With their fire-harden'd Darts; nought can the Bow  
And poyson'd Shafts the cole-blacke Mibian weares  
Auaile their master; vaine those brittle Spears  
Are in the hands of light Autololes,  
And crooked Swords of th' Adymachides:  
The weake Cyniphians finde that skins of Goats  
Are too light armour to protect their throats,  
When Brasse, and Iron no defence affords,  
Against the force of the Cæsarian Swords:  
The purple field so great a slaughter strowes,  
Bloud from so many different people flowes,  
That while King Iuba takes a sad suruey  
In how great bredth his Empires ruine lay,  
No private deaths distinguishing at all,  
Hecarce can count how many Nations fall;  
Nor does he thinke, his Campe, after so great  
An ouerthrow, can be a safe retreat;  
But leauing that to greedy enemies  
A wealthy spoyle, he with *Pesreius* flies.

King

## The third Booke.

King *Iuba's* Campe by the pursuing foe  
Is soone possessest, and the *Cæsarians* know  
Before their victory be fully done,  
How great a prize their bloody toiles haue wonne.

But Fortune, where th' Italian legions fought,  
And *Scipio* stood, had not so quickly wrought  
Her *Cæsar's* ends: there strength by strength repell'd,  
And fury ioynd with equall fury, held  
The ballance straight, whilst doubting victory  
Seem'd, not, a while, resolved whose to be;  
Or else deferr'd it onely to declare  
That highest fury reignes in ciuill warre,  
That countrey men in fight are cruell'st foes,  
Or greatest courage from worst causes growes.  
On equall hopes they both engaged were,  
And in no quarter of the warre but here,  
Did it at all into a question come,  
What should be *Romes* estate, or *Cæsar's* doome.  
Nor was the question here determin'd,  
Till with his Libyan cohorts *Varus* fled,  
And *Labeius* too, when he beheld  
His slaughter'd Gaules, and Germans strow the field,  
Reseru'd a while by Destinies to see  
Another ruine great as this, to be  
A bleeding part of *Romes* third mortall wound,  
And lie interr'd in *Munda's* fatall ground:  
As long meant Fortune to prolong their fall  
As *Rome* with *Cæsar* could contend at all.

*Scipio* perceiues his army ouerthrowne,  
And now the losse irreparable growne?  
Horror distracts his thoughts, what should he doe?  
Suruiue his battell? and not rather goe  
Vpon the Swords, and there in height of all  
His honour, dye as *Romes* chiefe General,

And

### *The third Booke.*

And by the ruine of so great a name  
Enoble *Cæsar's* conquest? Or give same  
To *Thapsus* small field? For what has Fate  
Power to bestow on such a wretched State,  
That can at all his minde to liue inuite?  
With this resolute in fury of the fight  
Had *Scipio* dy'd, but flattering hope withheld  
(Euen such as from *Pharsalia's* mortall field<sup>4</sup>  
Made *Pompey* flye to meet a sadder Fate)  
His eager soule, that the afflicted State  
Though seeming dead, after this fatall blow,  
Might once more struggle against *Cæsar's* power:  
Then mounted on a Libyan Steed he flies;  
And ore the field his routed companies,  
Mixt with the Horsemen take disordred flight;  
Some legions hoping to retire from fight,  
To *Iuba's* Campe, and it to fortifie,  
And finding that seiz'd by the enemy,  
After the vsuall manner, casting downe  
Their armes, they tender a submission.  
But all in vaine; no safety at the hands  
Of the enrag'd, and fierce *Cæsarians*,  
(Oh shame of warre!) could their submission get;  
Although that *Cæsar* did himselfe intreat,  
Grieuing that in his power it lay not then,  
To saue from death his wretched countrey men,  
And by his speech and actions did declare,  
That he was then no part of ciuill warre.  
He cries aloud, Oh spare the yeelding foe,  
They are no longer foes but Romans now:  
You more than lose your valour, and to me  
Doe purchase enuy here, not victory:  
They, that in conquest of so many lands  
Nere disobey'd his most seuer commands,

And

Not

## The third Booke.

Nor ere refus'd what he would put them to;  
In this alone their disobedience shew  
Now his commands are good: all ore the plain  
Are Scipio's Souldiers miserably slaine;  
That, to this Tragedy compared, light  
Were all the slaughters of the former fight.

And now the mourning fields with slaughter strow'd  
And couer'd ore with horrid ruine, shew'd  
A full and perfect conquest was obtain'd  
That for the sword no farther worke remain'd;  
When *Cæsar* master of his highest hopes,  
From the pursuit calls backe his weary troops,  
And recompences, with the wealthy spoyle  
Of Kings and Nations, their successfull toiles.

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### Annotations to the third Booke.

\* *Cæsar* having but a small force in *Africa*, and much troubled at the report of the great army of his enemies, that all King *Iuba's* forces ioynd with *Scipio*, found helpe from an occasion little expected: for (as *Dion* relates it) *Publius Sittius* (if we may attribute it to *Sittius*, and not rather to *Fortune*) brought unto *Cæsar* not onely a timely safety, but a great victory: thus *Sittius* expelled before out of *Italy*, and ioyning to himselfe some other exiles, passed over into *Mauritania*; there obtaining an army from King *Boothus*, he resolved to aid *Cæsar* in this warre; though he had neither received any benefits from him, nor was at all knowne to him: but because he heard that *Cæsar* was farre from him, and could then giue him no great helpe (for *Cæsar's* forces in *Affrick* were then but small) watching the time when King *Iuba* drew his army out of his owne Countrey, hee inuaded *Numidia*, and *Getulia*, another part of *Iuba's* Kingdoms, wasting



## The third Booke.

wasting and spoyling both the Countries : by which accident King Iuba was forced to omit his expedition, and march back againe with the greater part of his forces to the rescue of his owne Kingdome, for he had sent part of his strength to Scipio before ; so that it is certaine if King Iuba by fortune had not then beene diverted from ioyning with Scipio, Cæsar had not beene able to haue stood against their united forces, nor maintained himselfe then in Affrica. Dion. lib 43.

<sup>b</sup> The Roman army remaining in Affrica, hearing that Spaine was vexed with dissentions & seditions, sent thither Cneius Pompeius, the eldest sonne of Pompey the Great, as thin-king that he for his Fathers sake would be receiued in Spaine with greatest honour ; aduising him that when he had settled his affaires there, he should march to Rome ; and they themselves intended with all their forces to meet him there, and make the warre in Italy ; this counsell was had while Cæsar as yet liued in Egypt, according to Dion. lib 42. but Hirtius in his Commentaries relates it after that time.

<sup>c</sup> Cneius Pompeius hid by Cato, and aduised to goe into Spaine and raise forces, with thirty ships of all sorts, putting to Sea at Vtica, sailed to Mauritania, and entred the Kingdome of King Bogud : there setting his army on shore, which consisted of about two thousand slaues and Freemen, part armed, and part vnarmed, he marched toward the Towne of Ascurum, in which Towne there was then a Garrison of the Kings : the Garrison suffering Pompey to passe quietly till he approached the very walls of the Towne, salying out then, on the sudden ouercame them, and some they killed, some they forced into the Sea ; Pompey himselfe, with a few of his men, getting to their ships, sailed away ; after which he neuer more arrived on the shore of Affrick, but went to the Balearicke Islands, and from thence to Spaine. Hirt. comment. de bello Africano.

FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
OF THE BOSTON BAR  
AND  
BY JOHN W. BENTLEY  
OF THE BOSTON BAR  
PUBLISHED BY  
J. B. BENTLEY  
1857

# THE FOVRTH BOOKE

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## The Argument of the fourth Booke.

*To his impereall Zambubia flies,  
And thence excluded, with Petreus dyes  
Amidst their banquets bleeding. Scipio slaine  
By his owne hands, within the watery maine  
Intombes himselfe: The death of Cato fames  
Old Vtica; Caesar laments, and blames  
His wilfull Fate; and from the Libyan coast  
Is sh.p'd for Rome with his victorious host.*

**B**ut al the wrack, that Thapsus field had made,  
The fields could not contain; nor could so sad  
And great a ruine in such narrow bounds  
Be circumscrib'd: the high Imperial wound  
Which there were giuen, in other regions bled:  
And those great names, which from that bartell fled,  
As loth to mix with vulgar Funerals,  
Must beare the fame of their renowned falls  
To other lands, lest this great losse should be  
In story told as one calamitie,  
With winged speed by nights obscuritie  
From Thapsus Iuba and Petreus flye,  
To reach strong Zambubia the Imperial seat  
Of Iuba's Realme, a Citie faire and great,  
In which, when first the warre began, he lay'd  
His wealth, and dearest pledges had conuey'd:

## The fourth Booke.

But now the gates were shut; the men deny'd  
Their King an entrance, and with scoffes deride  
His threats and prayers, for his changed Fate  
Now gaue them leaue freely to shew their hate,  
And all too late is *Iuba* forc'd to see  
The curs'd effects of former tyranny.  
Oh wretched State of Tyrants that nere see,  
Vntill their sight in vaine and bootlesse be,  
Their iust esteeme: nor euer till too late,  
Can know what men deserue their loue, or hate.  
In wretched times your friends are onely knowne;  
But when that knowledge comes, the power is gone:  
Your State requitall, or reuenge denies,  
And Fortune, but to grieue you, opes your eyes.  
The King oppress'd with griefe, and fill'd with ire  
Vnto a Country Palace doth retire,  
Not farre from thence; with him *Petreus* goes,  
And a small troope of Horse: there they repose  
Their weary bodies and vex'd mindes, vntill  
A great resoluē their breasts with comfort fill:  
Then he commands his seruants to prepare  
Forthwith a stately banquet, and with rare  
And sumptuous cates a full repast they take;  
When thus King *Iuba* to *Petreus* spake;  
Roman, thou seest how Fortunes vtmost spight  
Pursues our actions, and has rest vs quite  
Of any future hopes; nothing can be  
Safety to vs but *Cesar's* Clemencie.  
But thou and I in all this Ciuill warre  
Gainst *Cesar's* side, haue beene engag'd too farre  
To hope for mercy; which, if I might haue,  
By all our gods I should disdainē to craue:  
For loue of *Pompey* I was *Cesar's* foe,  
And in the great'st extreame dare still be so.

## The fourth Booke.

Had he pretail'd, a welcome friend to Rome  
With greatest honour *Iuba* might haue come;  
Nor shall she now behold me captive there,  
And led as *Syphax* and *Iugurtha* were,  
Like slaues through her proud streets, to grace the  
Of an insulting laurell'd Conquerour: (power  
No, let Rome rather heare how *Iuba* dy'd,  
Disdaining *Cæsar's* pittie, or his pride.  
I doe not want a Hand, a Heart, a Sword;  
Or whatsoeuer else may death afford;  
But doe invite *Petreius* as my friend,  
To share in this last act of fame, my end:  
Our cause, our Fortunes are alike in all;  
Then like our selues, braue Roman, let vs fall;  
But vse each others helpe, vnsheath thy Sword,  
And let our friendship strue who shall afford  
First freedome to his friend: loue shall ingage  
My valour against thee, as much as rage  
Against a foe. *Petreius* drawes his Sword,  
And thus in short returnes: braue Libyan Lord,  
Worthy whom Rome with honour still should name;  
To whom *Petreius* gladly owes his fame;  
Nor (though a Roman Generall) doe I  
Blush to be taught by *Iuba* how to dye:  
It was the Roman genius prompted thee  
To this, lest Rome should be inforc'd to see  
That King a captiue, and in triumph brought,  
That had for her, her lawes, and freedome fought,  
That had with *Scipio* and the Senate stood;  
And thy disgrace proue *Cæsar's* conquest good  
Against his Countrey: No, great King, of thee  
Rome still shall hold a dearer memory:  
With *Massanissa* shalt thou ranked stand,  
When our sad Annals *Cæsar's* deeds shall brand,

## The fourth Booke.

And marke his party with as blacke a staine  
As *Catiline*, and his rebellious traine.  
The rest my Sword shall speake for me, and prone  
How much thy freedome, and mine owne I loue,  
With that they both in equall fury meet,  
And with such fierce assaults each other greet,  
As who had seene the combat, might suppose  
That so much valour had not fought to lose,  
But guard by conquest a desired life;  
At last to end this hot despairing strife,  
*Juba* a bootlesse conquest did obtaine;  
Vnder whose force was weake *Petreus* slaine;  
Keepe in (quoth *Juba*) life a while, and see  
A life let out to beare thine companie:  
If not, before thou crosse the *Strygian* lake,  
My fleeing soule thy ghost shall ouertake,  
Farewell you fading glories that attend  
A kingly State, too feeble to defend  
Your proud possessours from the stormes of Fate;  
What rest vpon the slippery heights of State  
Findes man? What stay on Fortunes restless wheele?  
Oh treacherous *Zamah*, may thy false necke feeble  
Romes yoke as hard, as thou to thy true Lord  
Disloyall prou'st: then falling on his Sword,  
From forth his struggling brest his Spirit flies,  
And night eternall closes vp his eyes.

But see, from *Thapsus* fatall overthrow  
A nobler death drawes neere, Great *Scipio*  
Romes Generall, that had so lately led  
The Senats warre 'gainst *Cesar's* fortune, fled  
From that sad battell in a poore disguise,  
And one small barke, the Seas of *Libya* tries,  
To finde from thence safe passage into *Spaine*,  
Where *Poupey's* sonnes with all their strength remaine.

But

## The fourth Booke.

But by a storme was driuen into the Bay  
Of Hippo, where the ships of Sittius lay,  
Lest there in *Cæsar's* name to guard the coast,  
*Scipio* perceiues himselfe and Barke are lost,  
The weather crosse cuts off all hope of flight;  
The winds (quoth he) and Seas for *Cæsar* fight;  
Why did I scape the stormy maine? Oh why  
From *Tiapus* tatall battell did I flye,  
And not in height of all mine honour fall,  
Fighting for Rome, to dye her Generall?  
Oh would *Phaulsia's* battell had destroy'd  
This ill kept life, before that here imploy'd,  
The Senats warre with ill successe I led,  
And *Affrick* saw a *Scipio* vanquished,  
You noble Soules of my dead ancestours,  
That hither oft haue led the Roman powers  
With glorious fame, as *Carthages* great fall,  
As captiue *Sybbax*, vanquish'd *Hannibal*,  
And saued Rome can witnesse, blush not now  
At this your Nephews haplesse ouerthrow;  
No Libyan forces, but the strength of Rome  
Has Rome it selfe, and *Scipio* overcome;  
By her owne strength subdu'd, with her I dye,  
To wait vpon expiring libertie.  
By this occasion Fate with kinde intent,  
To me necessity of death has sent,  
Lest I my freedome might perchance out-live;  
Nor could the gods a fitter bouny giue.  
Let *Pompey's* sonnes now try their Fate, and gaine  
Our Lawes and State againe, or lose in Spaine  
As much from Rome, as here in *Affrick* I,  
Or their Great Father lost in *Theffaly*;  
My course is runne; and, though this armed hand  
Shall testifie I could haue dy'd by land,

## The fourth Booke.

The Ocean likes me best, within the maine  
Vnknowne for euer *Scipio* shall remaine;  
Oh let my floating carkasse neuer come  
To land, lest Affrick should bestow a Tombe,  
And to her sonnes in after-ages show  
A monument of vanquish'd *Scipio*:  
With that a Ponyard in his hand he tooke,  
And with a strength and aime so certaine, strooke  
His willing brest, that thence the gushing blood,  
Made on the Deckes a crimson pretious flood:  
But he, while yet his vitall parts retaine  
Some spirits, leaps into the curled maine;  
And her blew waues with purple staining, dies:  
Vnbury'd *Scipio*'s noble body lies  
Within the Seas deepe bolome; th' Oceans fry  
Dauoure the flesh of that braue family,  
In which great Rome may make her iustest boast;  
If all her actions, all her fame were lost,  
If all those seuerall vertues, piety,  
True fortitude, admired constancy,  
Impartiall iustice, frugall temperance,  
That through the World her honour did aduance,  
In all names else had beene forgot and gone,  
In this renowned family alone  
All might be found; nor did the Roman fame  
Ere shine more bright than in a *Scipio*'s name:  
Why did thy Countrey want an vrne for thee?  
Ore which the peoples vntaught piety  
Might truly mourne, and pay the teares they owe  
Vnto the ruin'd race of *Scipio*.  
By this the flying companies, that were  
From that sad battell scap'd, had euery where  
Fill'd Libya's Townes with terror and dismay:  
At Vrica the noble *Cato* lay



## *The fourth Booke.*

In Garrison; who free from priuate feare,  
Not for himselfe dismay'd at all, to heare  
The fatall newes of *Scipio* overthrowne,  
Exhorts his Souldiers to defend the Towne  
'Gainst *Caesar's* entrie; but perceiuing then  
Th' astonishment, and faintnesse of his men,  
He with the same vnshaken constancy  
Forgiuss their feare, and counsels them to flye;  
Provides from all the neighbouring ports a fleet,  
Vsing his vtmost diligence to get  
Them safely all aboard, and timely gone,  
Carefull for euery safety but his owne.  
The Citizens of *Vuca* he cheeres  
With hope of *Caesar's* clemency, and cleeres  
All dismall clouds of feare and iealousies,  
That might within their fainting breasts arise:  
And such to them with cheerefull lookes (although  
Resolu'd to dye) did *Cato* strue to shew,  
As if himselfe had not at all disdain'd,  
To begge, or take a life at *Caesar's* hand.  
He, whose austerer verrue nere before  
Had giuen him leaue to hide, or colour ore  
His least intencion, whom no feare had taught  
How to dissemble, or once swerue in ought  
From his prefest, and rigid path of right,  
For loue of death now playes the hypocrite.

Nights silent reigne had robb'd the World of light,  
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,  
Repose and sleepe; when euery mortall brest  
Whom care or grieffe permitted, tooke their rest.  
But *Cato's* brest was not alone set free  
From perturbation and anxietie,  
By vertues constant vse, for soft repose  
Or sleepe, the common end, but to compose

## *The fourth Booke,*

And raise it selfe vnto an act more high,  
The contemplation of eternitie.

In contemplation the vntroubled Soule  
Parts from the bodies bonds, free from controule  
Of fleshly passions, by no cares distracted,  
(Not as in sleepe she does, to lye contracted  
Within her selfe, and from all action cease)  
But to imploy her purest faculties  
At nobler distance, where no sense of sight,  
Or outward organ can direct her flight:  
There by her selfe the soule can take suruey  
Of those high glorious bodies, which display  
(Objects too bright for sense) in their owne light;  
Some beames and glimpses of that infinite  
Eternall essence, from whose fulnesse they  
Deriue their beauties: there the Soule would stay,  
Or wishes that from lets corporeall free,  
She might (what now she cannot) plainly see  
Those formes; and does in that desire imply  
Her owne vndoubted immortalitie

But ere the minde of man can fitted be,  
To search the depth of true Philosophy,  
It must be purg'd by morall rules, and freed  
From impious lusts, from vice of thought and deed;  
And as a wise Physician euer giues  
Before his medicines, cleane preparatiues,  
So let no Soule contemplate, till it be  
Prepar'd, and purg'd by sound moralitie.  
First let it practise vertue here, before  
With contemplations wings it dare to soare  
In search of that, which is the perfect'st good,  
And height of all that can be vnderstood;  
Lest, as in Physicke, th' vn timer purg'd humours may  
Distract the medicines working force; so they

## The fourth Booke.

Not purg'd from vices through false glasses see,  
And oft deceiu'd in speculation be:  
Vnto thy selfe first morall Physicke giue,  
And then securely be contemplatiue,  
So cleans'd was Cato's soule, and fit was he  
For strictest precepts of Philosophy,  
Since vertues paths, which rough to others seeme,  
Long vs had made habituall to him.

To whom the Fates present, as now on high  
His thoughts were soaring to eternitie,  
An obiect fit; casting his eye aside  
Diuineſt Plato's *Phædon* he espie'd.  
Oh welcome Booke sent from the gods (quoth he)  
To teach a dying man Philosophy;  
And though thou canst not further, or controule  
The resolution of my fixed soule,  
Since Fate has doom'd my end, yet may'st thou giue  
Comfort to those few houres I haue to liue.

Man's Soule immortall is; whilst here they liue      *Plar.*  
The pureſt minds for perfect knowledge strue;      *Phæd.*  
Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,  
From whom all life proceeds: in this abode  
Of flesh, the Soule can neuer reach so high;  
So reason tells vs; if the Soule then dye,  
When from the bodies bonds she takes her flight,  
Her unsuffic'd desire is frustrate quite,  
And so bestow'd in vaine: it followes then  
The best desires vnto the best of men,  
The great Creator did in vaine dispenſe;  
Or else the Soule must liue when gone from hence:  
And if it liue after the body fall,  
What reason proues that it should dye at all?  
Since, not compounded as the body is,  
And mixt of euer. fighting contraries,

## The fourth Booke.

But one pure substance, like it selfe, and may  
(By reasons rule) subsist alone for aye.  
And though we feele that God, who did create,  
Can, if he please, againe annihilate  
The Soule; and nothing in that sense can be  
Indissoluble, saue the Deitie,  
Yet Soules, which in their nature doe agree  
So neere with that, shall nere dissolved be,  
Till they at last their wished end attaine,  
And so immortall by themselves remaine.

True grounds (quoth he) diuine Philosopher:  
Else what were vertue, or true knowledge here  
But waking dreames? Why, more than beasts, should we  
Oblige our selues to Lawes of pietie,  
Or curbe our lusts? Oh why should vertue be  
Iudg'd, by the wisest, true felicitie  
Before wealth, honour, pleasure? Vertue here  
Does not (alas) so beautifull appeare,  
But poore, and wretched rather; nor is she  
(Vnlesse, which in this life we doe not see,  
Some fairer substance or true forme she haue)  
Ought but an empty name, or Fortunes slave.

The wisest men are glad to dye; no feare  
Of death can touch a true Philosopher.  
Death sets the Soule at libertie, to flye,  
And search the depth of that Diuinitie;  
Which, whilest imprison'd in the body here,  
She cannot learne: a true Philosopher  
Makes death his common practice, while he liues  
And euery day by contemplation strives  
To separate the Soule, farr as he can,  
From off the body: (what's the death of man  
But separation of those two?) should be,  
That euery day did strine in some degree

## The fourth Booke.

To gaine this freedom, feare it at the time  
VVhen nature has allotted it to him?  
VVould Birds incag'd, that with all motions try,  
And seeke all wayes to gaine their libertie,  
The cage set op, y<sup>e</sup>f se to flye from thence?  
Nay more, haue louers in impatience  
Forc'd out their lines, and violently fled  
Into the other world, to finde their dead  
Deare loues? And should the Soule, which here below  
Clos'd in the body, every day did wooe,  
And court that knowledge, which is perfect blisse,  
Refuse to goe, and finde it where it is,  
Then when the gods haue open'd her the way?  
But here, till then, the Soule is bound to stay;  
Nor must she leave her station, till that God  
Doe call her hence, that gaue her this abode.

Here *Cato* slept and paw'd, is death (quoth he)  
Vnlawfull then till rude necessitie  
Inforce a man to take it? And must I  
Weare this loath'd life, till *Cesar* bid me dye?  
Is not the fatall overthrow so late  
In *Thapfus* fields, and ruine of the State,  
Necessity of death enough for me?  
May I not thinke the gods in that decree  
The death of *Cato*? But must hold my hand  
Expecting till the Conquerour command?  
And giue more power to him, whose lawlesse might  
Already has vsurp'd about his right?  
Or begge for life, acknowledging him so  
My Lord, whom iustly I adiudg'd *Romes* foe?  
So saue my life by sinning, or else dye  
With one sinne more, if mercy he deny?  
But this sure hand shall saue that hazard now.  
Plato, and all diuine<sup>st</sup> Lawes allow

Rather

## *The fourth Booke.*

Rather than act a crime, a man should dye.  
Should I take life from *Cæsar's* clemencie,  
It would be iudg'd by all (what ere were ment)  
I did approue of *Cæsar's* gouernment.  
How great a crime might mine example proue?  
How great a wrong to Rome, and all that loue  
Her Lawes and liberties? Great *Pompey's* sonnes,  
That now doe arme the Westerne regions,  
And for their Country yet intend to fight,  
Might thinke themselves excus'd if I submit,  
And from their iustest resolution swerue  
When old free *Cato* were content to serue.  
He trie (since most assur'd the Soules doe liue)  
What Lawes to vs the other World will giue:  
For sure the gods, 'mongst Soules departed hence,  
'Twixt good and bad will put a difference.  
Those happy Soules, that while they liued here,  
By pure and perfect contemplation were  
Abstracted from the body, that with true  
Desires did oft the beaunties beauties view,  
Shall thither goe, when they from hence are fled,  
To haue their ioyes and knowledge perfected,  
Within the Heauens shall they for euer be,  
Since here with Heauen they made affinitie.  
But those darke Soules, which drowned in the flesh  
Did neuer dreame of future happinesse,  
That, while they liued here, beleeu'd, or lou'd  
Nothing but what the bodies taste approu'd,  
When they depart from hence, shall feare the sight  
Of Heauen, nor dare t'approach that glorious light;  
But wander still in dismall darknesse, neere  
Their bodies, whom alone they loued here.  
Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to sight  
Of frighted people doe appeare by night

## The fourth Booke.

About the Tombes and Graues, where dead men lie,  
Are such darke soules condemn'd t' accompany  
Their bodies there; which Soules, because they be  
Grosse and corporall, men doe therefore see.

How different shall the Soules condition be,  
If this (quoth he) be true Philosophy?  
As true it is, nor doe I thinke it lesse;  
If vertue be the way to happinesse:  
And that be vertue, which we men haue thought,  
What in-bred reason to our Soules has taught,  
And Lawes commanded vs, if such thou be  
Oh vertue, *Cato* still has follow'd thee;  
And neuer from thy hardest precepts swer'd;  
Nere has this Soule the bodies pleasures seru'd.  
What doubts can shake my long security?  
But doubts, where frailty is, will euer be:  
Farewell, fraile World; what here we cannot see,  
I goe to finde, cleare truth and certaintie:  
Then with a fatall stroke he pierc'd his brest;  
At noyse of which his seruants vainly prest  
In, to preuent the Fate, nor could they lend  
Helpe to his life, but trouble to his end:  
Who sadly shew'd, death could not be deny'd,  
And rending wider his large wound, he dy'd:  
The Citizens with honour did interre  
That spotlesse mansion of a soule so cleare.

*Cesar* from *Thapsus*, now secur'd from foes  
By that full conquest, to *Vzzita* goes,  
With ease possessing there all *Scipio's* store  
Of corne and armes, and where the sword before  
Threaten'd his march, where horrid dangers lay  
And ambushes, he now findes quier way  
To *Adrumetum* backe; where he bestowes  
A cheerefull pardon on his yeelding foes,

## *The fourth Booke.*

Since new all Affricke from his feares was free,  
And Fortune had secur'd his clemency.  
Marching away to Vtica from thence,  
Humbly receiu'd by all the Citizens,  
Who then solemniz'd *Cato's* funerall;  
He sigh'd, and thus complain'd; Why did'st thou fall  
Oh enuious man? Rather than not deprive  
*Cesar* of honour, *Cato* could not liue.  
How sadly cruell hast thou beene to me,  
Against thy selfe to wrong my clemency?  
And shew thy death a greater enemy,  
Than all thy liuing power or armes could be;  
To kill my ioyes thou dy'st, choosing to be  
Lamented rather than embrac'd by me:  
It is my sorrow, not my loue is sought.  
What strange rewards haue all my mercie got,  
That greatest Romans rather chose to flye  
To death it selfe, than to my clemency?  
So haplesse *Pompey*, while he fled from me,  
Durst rather trust th' Egyptian treachery,  
And there to perish by ignoble hands,  
Than liue with *Cesar*, thinking barbarous lands  
Better than Rome with vs: but he againe  
Hop'd to repaire his strength; thou in disdain  
Of *Cesar* dy'st; but yet my goodnesse shall  
Orecome thy enuy, and quite frustrate all  
Thy scope in death; Ile giue all dues to thee;  
Thy sonne in honour shall remaine with me,  
And to the World shall witnesse, thou didst die?  
By thine owne enuy, not my cruelty.  
Then to his grace he takes th' inhabitants  
Of Vtica, and for his armies wants  
Commands prouision, and, while there he stayer  
The Cities walls, and fortresses suruayes,



## The fourth Booke.

Walking not farre from off the Towne, he saw  
Vpon the sandy banke of Egrada,  
Which slowly there his muddy waues doth moue,  
(Within that Countrey rare) a stately groue  
Nor wide in circuit, where an awfull shade  
The meeting boughs, exiling *Phabus*, made:  
That shady groue, whilest with a curicus eye  
*Cæsar* suruey'd, he chanced to espy  
Within, a deepe and vast descent of ground;  
The iawes of *Tanarus*, that balefull bound  
'Twixt earth and hell, is not a blacker roome;  
To which, they say, the ghosts infernall come.  
A Caue there was, in which no cheering light  
At all ere peep'd; but sad and drery night,  
A squallid filth, and mouldineffe had made,  
From whence exhaled stinches did inuade  
The vpper ayre, Whilest *Cæsar* in amaze,  
Doth neerely view the horror of the place.  
His longing thoughts, a Libyan standing by,  
(Taught by tradition) thus doth satisfie.

This denne, Oh *Cæsar*, which for many a yeare  
Hath empty stood, and freed the land from feare,  
A monstrous Serpent, by Heauens vengeance bred  
The plague of Affrick, once inhabited.  
The earth a greater monster neuer bare;  
Not *Hydra* might with this dire Snake compare,  
Nor that great Dragon, whose still walking eyes  
*Medea* charm'd, when Colcho's golden prize  
The venturous *Iason* bore to Thessaly;  
Nor that, as great and watchfull too as he,  
Whom great *Alcides* conquer'd to possesse  
The glittering orchard of th' *Hesperides*:  
Nor, though the Sunne that mighty *Pythons* slew,  
Did ere the Sunne a greater Serpent view.

## The fourth Booke.

The severall Snakes, that out of Libya's slime  
Are bred, might all haue beene combin'd in him;  
Nor could *Medusa's* head, had all the blood  
At one place fall'n, produce a greater brood,  
A hundred ells in length was his extent;  
When he vpon this side the river went,  
With his long necke stretch'd out, what ere he spy'd,  
With ease he seized from the other side.

With Lions here he fill'd his hungry maw,  
That came to drinke the streames of *Aggrada*,  
And fiercest Tigers all besmear'd with blood  
Of cattell slaine, became themselves his food.

When first the Roman armies sailing ore,  
And threatning *Carthage* on the Libyan shore  
Were led by *Regulus*, whose tragick fall  
Sadly renown'd the Spartan Generall,  
Here then this hideous monster did remaine:  
The army marching on yon spacious plaine,  
Three Roman Souldiers, by ill Fate, drew nere  
To quench their fiery thirst, the river here,  
And tempted by these shady trees, to shunne  
A while the scorching fury of the Sunne,  
Entring the wood, downe to the streame they sloop,  
And take in helmets the coole liquor vp,  
When suddenly surpriz'd with chilling feare,  
A horrid hissing through the ayre they heare,  
And from the den the Serpents head appears,  
At once amazing both their eyes and eares.  
What should they doe? For helpe they could not call;  
The Serpents hissing loud had filled all  
The wood; nor strength, nor hearts had they to fight,  
Nor scarce did any hope appeare by flight.  
Nor could their trembling hands the helmets hold;  
When straight the Serpent from his scaly fold

## The fourth Booke.

Shot forth, and seized one, who calling on  
His fellowes names in vaine, was swallowed downe;  
And buried in the Monsters hungry maw,  
His horrid destiny when th' other saw,  
They leapt into the streame to save their liues;  
But that (alas) to them no safety giues;  
For forth his long twin'd necke the Serpent stretch'd;  
And swimming *Hauens* in the riuer reach'd;  
Who, though too late he strived to be drown'd  
In Bagrada, a fate more cruell found,  
*Marius* at last, while *Hauens* death did stay  
The Monsters speed, had time to scape away;  
And to th' amazed Generall relates  
The Serpens græuësse, and his fellowes fates.  
But ere his faultring tongue had fully told  
The tragicke story, they from farre behold  
The scaly Monster rowling on the sands  
In spacious windings: *Regulus* commands  
The army straight their piles and speares prepare  
To charge, and march against it as a warre,  
And ready all their battering engines make,  
That strongest walls and bulwarkes vs'd to shake:  
The Trumpets then, as to a battell, sound  
Which noyse the Serpent hearing, from the ground  
Where he in spacious rings infolded lay,  
Aloft his head aduances to sunay  
The Champion round, and to their eyes appeares,  
Long as that Dragon 'twixt the heavenly Beares.  
Fire from his threatening eyes, like lightning, shot,  
And Stygian blasts exhal'd from his dire throat;  
While he aduanc'd, you would suppose from farre  
A mouing Castle made offensive warre:  
And shooting forth he in a moment flew  
Vpon farre distant faces; at whole view

## The fourth Booke.

The starting Horses could no more be held  
By bits, but snorting flew about the field;  
Whilest this dire Serpent sad massacres makes  
Among the men, some twixt his iawes he takes,  
And crushes there, some into th' ayre he flings,  
Who falling dye: and while his spacious rings  
He does vnfold with fury, sweeping round  
The sands, he beats whole cohorts to the ground.  
The army now gaue ground, and 'gan retire,  
When noble *Regulus* inflam'd with ire  
To see that shame, cries out, Oh stand the field,  
To Libyan Monsters shall Romes vertue yetld?  
If so, I singly will the combat try,  
And expiating Romes dishonour, dye:  
Then all alone, deuoyd of feare, he goes,  
And his strong pile against the Serpent throwes  
With well tane ayme, whom not in vaine he strucke;  
In his tough forehead the steel'd Iauelin stucke.  
The hideous Monster, whose long age before  
Had nere felt Steele, sent out a yelling rore,  
And shooting forth, impatient of the wound,  
With his long taile he lash'd the suffering ground.  
A shout the Souldiers raise, iacourag'd now,  
And altogether stormes of Iauelins throw;  
Some harmelesse lighting on his scaly backe,  
Such noyle, as Haile on tiled houses, make;  
Some pierce his brest, and softer belly wound,  
Those parts alone they penetrable found.  
Blacke gore from thence distaines the swarthy sand,  
At last two Iauelins sent from lucky hands  
In both his fiery threatening eyes did light,  
Depriving him, though not of strength, of sight:  
Whose yet blinde rage drawes many a ruine on,  
Vntill at last a huge, and massie stone,

## The fourth Booke.

Shot from a bulwarke-battering engine, stroke  
His bowed backe with such great force, it broke  
That many ioyned-bone; nor then could he  
Lift, as before, his speckled crest on high;  
But while he struggling lay vpon the plaine,  
Another stone dash'd out his poysonous braine;  
The sands discolour'd with blacke filth appeare,  
And that so lately feared Serpent there,  
Stretch'd out at length his balefull life expires,  
His vast extent the Generall admires:  
But straight a grone the mourning Riuer gaue,  
A dolefull noyse the Wood, and hollow Caue  
Resounded forth; the Naiades, that kept  
Slow Bacrada, for their dead seruant wept;  
Nor did the augurs then forbear to shew,  
The Roman troops his death should dearly rue,  
And *Regulus* become a captiue prey  
To his insulting foes; on whom (said they)  
The Nymphs, and wrathfull Naiades would take  
That diue reuenge for their shaine Serpents sake.  
*Cesar* enough delighted to behold  
The Caue, and pleas'd with what the Libyan told,  
Returnes to *Vtica*, thence marching on  
With speed through *Iuba's* lost dominion,  
Arriues at wealthy *Zamah*, Libya's pride,  
Where late a powerfull Monarch did reside;  
And hearing there of *Iuba's* wretched fate,  
Laments the frailty of mans highest state;  
Then he commends the Citizens and ore  
The Countrey leaues *Sallustius* Governor,  
Which from a Kingdomes State is now become  
A subiect Province to Imperiall Rome,

## The fourth Booke.

Then marches backe to Vtica againe,  
And lancing forth his fleet into the maine  
Sailing by Sardos, on th' Italian coast  
He safe arriues with his victorious host.

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### Annotations to the fourth Booke.

Lucius Scipio, Generall at Thapsus, perished at Sea by the report of al that write that story, but the manner of his death, as I haue here related it, is to bee found onely in Appian, which I haue read, that first hee wounded himselfe with a Sword, and afterwards leaped into the Sea, as loth that his dead body should either suffer despiight, or receiue fauour from his enemies, Appian lib. 2. de bello ciuili.

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FINIS.

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# THE FIFTH BOOKE.

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## The Argument of the fifth Booke.

*What vnaccustom'd honours by decree  
The Senate giue to Cæsar's victory.  
His foure rich triumphs shew'd ore Gallia,  
Conquer'd Pharnaces, Egypt, Affrica.  
Whose pompous shewes display the captin'd fate  
Of seuerall Princes: Cæsar's high estate  
To throw into the bayard once againe,  
Great Pompey's sonnes renine the warre in Spaine.*

**W**hen Cæsar's conquest borne by winged Fame,  
Had enter'd Rome, and to the Senate came,  
Th' affrighted Fathers in pale haile declar'd  
Their forced ioy; & while the Priests prepar'd  
For Sacrifice, officiously decreed,  
(Though Rome it selfe in that dayes fate did bleed)  
That Supplications to the gods should be,  
Twice twenty dayes for Cæsar's victory;  
Through all the Roman Temples they inuoke  
The gods for him, and all their Altars smoke  
With thankfull incense, more than when the fall  
Of Carthages so feared Hannibal,  
Or that defeat of all the Cimbrian powers  
By *Marin* hand, that sau'd *Quirinus* Towers,  
First pierc'd their ioyfull eares; no vanquish'd foe  
Ere caus'd such seeming ioy. Rome's forced now

## The fifth Booke.

To thank the gods for her subiection more,  
Than all the greatnesse she had won before.  
To that great Triumph, which so long before,  
His ten yeares labour had deserued, ore  
The conquer'd Gaules, and well desert'd till now,  
The forward Senate grant three Triumphs moe,  
T' expresse more pompous State than ere before  
The people saw, or lawrell'd Roman bore;  
That all the seuerall vanquish'd Nations  
From East and West, from both the Poles at once,  
By his triumphant Charriot might combine,  
The yellow Germans with blacke Libyans ioyne,  
Gaules with Armenians meet, the Sun-burnt bands  
Of Meroë with cold Pannonians,  
The painted Brittaines, curl'd Sicambrians  
With cole-backe Mibians, and Mazacians.  
Those that at farthest distance neuer yet  
Each other view'd, at *Caesar's* Triumph met,  
Might there acquainted in sad bondage grow,  
And waile in chaines their common ouerthrow;  
That the Imperiall Tyber might at once  
All floods, that blesse so many regions,  
In *Caesar's* rich Triumphall tablets see  
Display'd, bewailing their captiuitie.  
And bridled there by his proud conquest, ioyne  
Seuen channell'd Nilus with the German Rhine,  
The swift Danubius, with slow Bagra-da;  
And all those winding streames, which euery way  
From North to South into the Ocean rowle,  
'Twixt fardest Thule and Tritonia's poole;  
From whence *Minerva* deign'd her name to take,  
When first within the quiet Chrystall lake  
Come downe from Heauen, she view'd her virgin face.  
Nor euer so did any Triumph grace



## The fifth Booke.

Romes power (as this had done;) nor yet in all  
Those former Bayes, which deckt the Capitoll,  
If here her selfe no part at all had beene  
Of the subdu'd, had she more glory scene.

But lest these honours should not seeme to be  
Enough for *Cæsar*, by a new decree  
The Senatours, before he enter Rome,  
Make him Dictator for ten yeares to come,  
And three yeares Censor; that it might be showne  
How *Cæsar's* conquering power had ouerthrowne  
Their liberties, together with the fall  
Of barbarous Nations: in the Capitoll  
He in a Charriot was aduanc'd to sit,  
To *loue* himselfe directly opposite:  
A Globe terrestriall not farre from thence,  
Display'd in short the vast circumference  
Of all the earth; on which his Statue trod,  
With this inscription, *He's a Demy-god.*

Swell'd with the Senats flattering decrees,  
And fortune of so many victories,  
Does *Cæsar* now in Pompe triumphant come,  
His lofty Charriot through the streets of Rome  
By snow-white Horses drawne, more bright by farre  
Than those fam'd Steeds, which in the Troian warre  
From slaughter'd *Rhesus* rent *Tydidēs* tooke,  
Before they drunke of *Xanthus* Chrysell brooke,  
Or cropt the Troian pastures, a vaine ayd  
To falling Ilion, the first night betray'd.  
Declare, ye sisters of the Thelpian Spring,  
(For you remember well, and we'l can sing)  
In those foure triumphs which the people saw  
Ore *Ægypt*, *Pontus*, *France*, and *Libya*,  
How many captiu'd people sadly went  
In habits, tongues, and visage different,

## The fifth Booke.

Before Great *Cæsar's* Charriot, shewing there  
With different gestures their disdain, or feare,  
How many lands and stately Cities there,  
Display'd in his triumphall tables were,  
Where skilfull hands had wouen to delight,  
So many Nations severall kindes of fight,  
With his proud conquests, and successfull toiles;  
By which were borne the armes, and wealthy spoiles  
Of vanquish'd Princes. Crownes of burnish'd gold  
For all the wondring people to behold,  
But if ye Muses in so high a State,  
Disdain to mourne for each plebeian Fate:  
Yet passe not slightly by that princely Gaule,  
Stout *Vercingetorix*, for whose great fall  
Some hearts relented there; whose stubborne thought,  
Could not at all in nine yeeres warre be taught  
To brooke with patience the proud yoke of Rome;  
Who now referu'd for death by *Cæsar's* doome,  
Before the Charriot a chain'd Captive went,  
Striving in vaine t' overcome the discontent  
Of that dayes shame; and, though his hands were ty'd,  
Shaking his blacke curl'd lockes, he sought to hide  
His angry front, whil'st his vndaunted looke  
Seem'd more to wish than feare deaths fatall stroke.

Another obiekt, though vnlike to this,  
Yet fall'n alike from height of worldly blisse,  
Mou'd the beholders hearts, they earn'd to see  
The tender beauties of *Arfioë*,  
A virgin's branch of *Lagus* royall Stem,  
That once had worne th' Egyptian Diadem,  
By Fortune throwne into so low a state  
Of bondage now; pitying her changed fate:  
Those snow-white armes, that did a Scepter hold,  
(Oh mocke of Fortune!) maniced in gold:

Although

## The fifth Booke.

Although for her a gentler doome than death  
Remaine, and *Cæſar*'s pitie spare her breath,  
Or else his ends in loue reſtore her backe  
Again to *Egypt* for her ſiſters ſake:  
How much (alas) had there her blood beene ſpilt,  
Had Fortune tane from *Cleopatra*'s guilt?  
For all the fauour, which t' *Arſinoë*  
Rome ſhew'd, repriu'd her but a while, to be  
Im after-times her ſiſters crime, and dye  
By *Cleopatra*'s ſoule impietic.

But that in *Libya*'s triumph, which about  
All other objects might deſerue to moue  
A iuſt compaſſion (if true innocence  
In miſery may iuſtly moue the ſenſe)  
Was young Prince *Iuba*, led in chaines, the ſonne  
Of that great *Iuba*, whole dominion  
From *Mauritania*'s fartheſt Weſterne end,  
To *Thera*'s ſands ſo lately did extend:  
Whole puiſſant hand a prouder Scepter bore,  
Than euer *Libyan* Monarch did before.  
This poore & young Prince by Fortune ſeem'd to be  
Brought as a ſpectacle of miſery,  
Depriu'd ſo lately of ſo many lands,  
And ere his yeares could act a crime, in bands,  
But oh (how blinde are mortall eyes :) that day  
Of ſeeming woe, firſt made the glorious way  
To *Iuba*'s future happineſſe, and he  
Was farre more bleſt in that captiuitie,  
Than if his Father's grearneſſe ſtill had ſtood,  
Train'd vp at Rome he gain'd a truer good;  
And freed from barbariſme, was taught to know  
What Rome, or learned *Athens* could beſtow:  
Adorning ſo his minde, as wiſeſt men  
In euery age admir'd his happy pen,

## The fifth Booke.

So that to grace his future prosperous reigne,  
(For great *Augustus* hand restor'd againe  
This captiue *Iuba* to a kingly Throne)  
A lasting name his Histories haue wonne,  
And fame vnto his natieue *Libya* giue?  
Where with himselfe those mention'd Kings shall liue,  
When brazen Monuments are eat with rust,  
And marble Columnes time shall bruiſe to dust.  
And had the Ponticke King c *Pharnaces* beene  
In person there, and by the people seene,  
That object well had ballanc'd with delight  
The others ruth; but he was scap'd by flight:  
Whose absence one proud sentence must supply,  
*I came, I saw, and vanquish'd th' enemy.*

But those sad stories, which the tables show,  
More than the liuing spectacles could doe,  
Affect the peoples hearts: for there (although  
No vanquish'd Roman might a Captiue goe)  
The bleeding wounds of Rome it selfe are spread;  
And each man there his owne deare losse may read.  
For mixt with forraigne conquests, with the falls  
Of barbarous Captaines, Princes of the Gaules,  
With dying *Iuba*, drowned *Ptolomey*,  
Those enuious tables to the eyes display  
Domesticke losse; and in sad figures tell,  
By *Cesar's* Sword what vanquish'd Romans fell.  
Here with King *Iuba* old *Petreius* dyes,  
Here slaughter'd *Sylla*, there *Africanus* lies:  
There *Damasippus* and *Torquatus* fall;  
And here (Oh wofull sight!) Romes Generall,  
The Noble *Scipio* by his owne hand slaine,  
Falls bleeding downe into the watery maine;  
And sinking, leaues a Noble crimson dye  
On *Neptunes* face: but what true Roman eye

Refrain'd

## The fifth Booke.

Refrain'd from teares, when he beheld the fall  
Of matchlesse *Caes*, who, in spight of all  
His friends preuention, dy'd, and wider tore  
With his owne hands the wounds he made before ?  
Yet 'mongst so many wofull stories showne,  
One Noble name was spar'd, one Fate alone  
Was thought too sad ; nor to the peoples eye  
Durst they present Great *Pompey's* tragedy,  
For feare so great a sorrow might outweigh  
The pompous ioyes of that triumphant day :  
But that conceal'd, which most of all was sought,  
Remain'd more deeply fixt in euery thought,  
And they, without a picture, can supply  
Each part of his lamented History.

What tongue, what pen can at the height relate  
Each sumptuous part of that so enuy'd State ?  
The publike feasts, rare spectacles deuic'd,  
And games by all the people exercis'd,  
Who without number flock'd to doe him grace :  
When all the Senates from the Iulian Place  
Waited him home, and seem'd not then to be  
The Worlds high Lords, but *Caesar's* family.  
And as they passe, to gild their pompous way,  
Numberlesse lights the Elephants display  
Vpon their captiue hackes, and moving through  
The streets, like heauenly Constellations shew,  
Like those great beasts, which in th' Horizon plac'd  
Through euery part with glorious starres are grac'd,

Nor in vaine shoues was this Magnificence  
Alone consum'd, but reall monuments,  
Which his great power to after-ages prais'd :  
A stately Temple he to *Venus* rais'd,  
Or in Deuotion, or in pride to grace  
That Deitie from whom he drew his race,

That

## The fifth Booke

That now the Paphian Queene, by *Caesar's* reigne,  
Might seeme a truer conquest to obtaine;  
Ore blew-ey'd *Pallas*, or the wife of *Jove*,  
Than when they for the golden Apple stroue;  
And *Paris* fatall iudgement did bestow:  
The prize on her, to *Ilus* overthrow;  
For Rome and all the conquer'd World farre more,  
Are forced now to honour and adore  
Her name than theirs; so much it was to be  
Th' originall of *Caesar's* pedigree,  
More than the daughter, or the wife of *Jove*:  
The Temples structure in rare beaultie stroue,  
With what the height of fancy could expresse,  
Or any pennes most gracefull happinesse  
Describe aright: vpon the walls did stand  
In Parian marble wrought with curious hand,  
That amorous story where the Phrygian boy  
The beauty of a goddesse did enioy:  
The vale of *Ida* there was shadowed such,  
As Poets made it, *Ida* vale so much  
Indebted to the Muses, seemed now  
Vnto a Painters hand as much to owe:  
The bower of Loue was richly carued there,  
That happy bower of blisse and pleasure, where  
*Venus* descended from the Chrystall skie,  
To generate the Iulian family;  
Was as a Bride in all her glories led,  
To fill with beauty young *Anchises* bed.  
Neere them their Noble issue, in whose blood  
A Goddesse mixt with man, *Aeneas* stood;  
Such was his shape, so shone his cheerefull face  
As young *Apollo's*, when he goes to grace  
His native *Delos*, and in height of State  
That Festiuall intends to celebrate,

## The fifth Booke.

Or *Batulus*, when from conquer'd India,  
The yoked Tygers his proud Charriot draw,  
Troian *Aeneas*, whose fam'd History,  
Great *Mars*'s Muse did after rayse as high,  
As th' old *Mæonian* did *Achilles* fame.  
But that most pious posture more became  
*Aeneas* farre, when at the fatall sacke  
Of Troy, he stoop'd, and on a willing backe  
Flying from thence, carry'd his aged Sire  
From the Greekes Swords, and all devouring Fire,  
Together with his gods, whom he priz'd more  
Than *Priam*'s wealth, and all Troyes burning store,  
Behinde was young *Iulus*, and did seeme  
With short vnequall steps to follow him,  
That Prince, from whom the Iulian family  
Deriue their name as well as pedigree,  
Who the foundations of long *Alba* lay'd,  
And ore that land a powerfull Scepter sway'd.  
By him the Scepter'd issues of his blood,  
In their successiue order earue'd stood,  
Till *Alba* was destroy'd by *Talus* doome,  
And all her people were transferr'd to Rome.  
From *Alba*'s sacke the pedigree went on,  
And was deduced lineally downe  
To *Cæsar*'s time, in whose successe and reigne  
*Alba* had seem'd to conquer Rome againe.

But into th' bazard once againe to throw  
A State so strong, so sure as *Cæsar*'s now  
Seem'd to the World to be, a furious warre  
More full of threats, of doubt and danger farre  
Than euer had as yet oppos'd his reigne,  
The two young *Pampeyes* raise in farrest Spaine  
There where the Great *Atides* pillars stand,  
And proudly boast to bound the farthest land,

That

## The fifth Booke?

That part of Spaine must proue the third sad Stage  
Of Ciuill warre, and Romes selfe-wounding rage.

Those, that inhabit that farre Western shore,  
Vainely suppose that they alone, before  
The setting Sunne forsake his Hemisphere,  
Doe view his face at nearer distance there  
Than other men, than other Countries can;  
And that he falls into their Ocean  
As Poets taught; or else his lofty Sphere  
Bowes downe more neare the Globe terrestriall there,  
Because his beauteous Orbe, before the set,  
Vnto their eyes appeares more large and great.  
Those misty fogges and vapours that arise  
From that great Sea, which interposed lies,  
Breaking diffuse the rayes, from th' eyes that went,  
Or else enlarge the objects figure sent,  
And make the setting Sunne seeme greater so,  
As bright things largest in the water show:  
Whence they scarce any twilight haue at all,  
Either at *Phæbus* rising, or his fall;  
Day breakes together with the rising Sunne,  
And day together with the set is done.

All Spaine, in figure of a bullocks hide,  
Is by the Ocean wash'd on euery side,  
And made almost an Ile, saue where her ground  
The Pyrenzan hills from France doe bound:  
From whose East end (for old description makes  
Fiue sides of Spaine) the first beginning takes,  
And Westward thence vnto the Gades extends,  
But by the way to South obliquely bends,  
And is inuiron'd by the mid-land Seas,  
Where stand those Ilands *Balearides*,  
From whence *Metellus* tooke his famous stile,  
Faيرة *Ebusus*, and that small snaky Ile.



## *The fifth Booke.*

The second side from Gades, (of small extent)  
Is to the sacred promontory bent ;  
In which short space two rivers, of no small  
Account in Spaine, into the Ocean fall,  
Bætis and Anas; farre their channels spread,  
And from the silver Mountaines both take head :  
Both their great channels doe at last divide,  
And make two Ilands by the Oceans side :  
From thence the third side in a line extends,  
And at the Nerian promontory ends,  
From South directly North it goes ; this bound  
Of Spaine doth Westward know no further ground :  
That all along the boundlesse Ocean laues,  
Thither the golden Tagus rowles his waues,  
Winding through Lusitania, and into  
That Ocean doth in one great channell flow :  
From thence the Mortherne side of Spaine extends,  
And at the Pyrenxan Mountaines ends,  
Bounded along by the Cantabrian Sea ;  
Within those shores the wildest Nations be  
The barbarous Celtæ, rough Asturians,  
And (those that name the Sea) Cantabrians.  
But last of all, the fifth, and North-East side  
The Pyrenæi make, which doe diuide  
Gallia from Spaine, which by their wondrous height  
Might seeme to threat the Skies, and once more fright  
The gods with a Gigantike warre : that side  
Of those high Mountaines, which surueyes the pride  
Of wealthy France, doth bare and barren show,  
Cloth'd wth no grasse, no trees at all there grow ;  
The other side, which barren Spaine or sees,  
Shewes like a fruitfull Summer, cloth'd with trees  
VWhich neuer doe their verdant colour lose :  
And so to both th'adiacent Countries shoves,

## The fifth Booke.

As if to clothe himselfe, he had robb'd Spaine,  
And lost his owne, to make France rich againe;  
That lofty Mountaine (if we trust to fame)  
Did from the faire *Pyrene* take his name,  
When Great *Alcides* moued by the same  
Of King *Geryon's* stately cattell, came  
From Greece, to fetch that wealthy spoyle away;  
Entring the bounds of Spaine, he there made stay.  
King *Bebrix* then ore all the Mountaines reign'd,  
And there with Feasts *Alcides* entertain'd:  
The conquering guest, by Fate vnhappy, spy'd  
*Pyrene*, daughter to the King, and fry'd  
With inward flames; at last, while there he stay'd,  
His charming words had wonne the royall maid.  
He vowes his loue still constant shall remaine,  
And, when with Conquest he returnes againe,  
Espousall rites; But cruell Fates deny,  
And make *Alcides* slow in victory,  
Too slow, alas; nor could the fight be try'd  
Ere faire *Pyrene* miserably dy'd.  
Her swelling wombe now 'gan the fact reueale;  
Nor could she longer her stoll'n loue conceale,  
When fearing her sterne Fathers wrathfull spight,  
Into the woods she takes a secret flight:  
There all alone to caues and senselesse trees  
She wailes her Fate, and calls Great *Hercules*,  
Or false, or slow; till some fell beasts, that were  
More sauage than their kinde, had seized her,  
And whilest in vaine, alas, she did implore  
Her absent louer, her to peeces tore.

Seuen times had *Cynthia* fill'd her waned light,  
When he return'd with Conquest from the fight;  
And laden with *Geryons* wealthy spoyles,  
The recompence of his successfull toyles,

## The fifth Booke.

Sought for *Pyrene*, but inforc'd to finde  
What oft before his sad misgiuing minde  
Made him suspect, distraught with feare and woes;  
Among the woods and craggy hills he goes  
In search of her, and with a mournfull sound  
Calls his *Pyrene*; all the hills rebound  
*Pyrene's* name; the hills themselves did shake,  
The sauage beasts, and mountaine robbers quake;  
No Tygers prey'd, no Lions durst to moue,  
Whilest Great *Alcides* sought his wretched Loue.  
But wandring through the solitary wood,  
When he had found her limbes, and vnderstood  
*Pyrenes* wretched Fate, Oh loue, (quoth he)  
'Twas my accursed absence murder'd thee:  
What sauage beast durst this? What power about  
Suffer'd so much against *Alcides* loue?  
Oh would *Geryons* spoyles had all beene lost,  
And I nere stin'd from this beloued coast:  
Then gathering vp those sad deare reliques, there  
Within the Mountaines side he did interre  
His loe and sorrow. This small Tombe (alas)  
When Times strong hand (quoth he) shal quite deface,  
Thy state shall greater be, and time to come,  
Shall reckon all these hills *Pyrenes* Tombe:  
The Fates consented, and by lasting fame,  
Those Mountaines euer bore *Pyrenes* name.

The two young *Pamphy's* with their powers, not farre  
From *Gades* now marching, meant to sear the watre  
In that rich Countrey, where faire *Bartis* flowes,  
And on the region his owne name bestowes,  
(Though *Turdetania* from the men that came  
To plant it first, be yet another name.)  
There they the fatall *Munda* doe possesse,  
A Towne yet famous for their dire successe,

## The fifth Booke.

With other Townes not farre, Ategua,  
And Vcubis, and stately Corduba  
That old Patritian colony, whole name  
The births of great and learned Romans fame;  
The Turdetanian region may for rare  
And wondrous gifts of nature well compare  
With any peece of earth; no other soyle  
Does more reward th' industrious plowmans toyle  
With rich increase, no other pastures keepe  
More horned herds, more wealthy-sheeced Sheepe;  
Those many branches, which from Bætis flow,  
Such wealth on all the neighbouring fields bestow;  
Whose yellow banks, no lesse than Tagus is,  
Are stor'd with metals of the highest price  
In euery place, more gold no barren ground  
Affords, than in that wealthy glebe is found:  
Which nature seldome does together giue;  
And happy might the Turdetanians liue,  
But that their Countrey too too happy is,  
And on their conquest sets too high a price.  
Their wealthy grounds are oft the seat of warre,  
And prey to euery powerfull Conqueror:  
There Rome and Carthage fought, and did maintaine  
Their riuall forces with the wealth that Spaine  
Afforded thee, while Fortune doubted yet  
Which land to make the Worlds Imperiall seat.  
When like to Titus fruitfull liner, they  
Sustein'd those Birds, to whom they were a prey;  
And suffering Spaine by those great factions rent,  
That Vultur fed which did it selfe torment;  
Nor lies the gold of that rich region  
Deepe in the bowels of the earth alone,  
Thence to be digg'd vp with a toyle as great  
As is the value; there they need not sweat

## The fifth Booke.

In gathering wealth, nor need they farre to flye  
From day, or threaten Pluto's monarchy  
With their deepe labours; the rich metall's found  
Vpon the glistering surface of the ground,  
And lyes on riuers bankes commixt with sand,  
Or elſewith daſt vpon the dryer land,  
And Mountaines tops: what reason can be found  
Should ſo enrich the vpper part of ground  
Vnleſſe you truſt a tale: When *Phaeton*  
Did erſt miſguide the Charriot of the Sunne,  
And ſcorch'd the earth; the nature then of all  
Theſe grounds Sulphurous was, and Minerall;  
The metall's melted by the Sunne, fry'd up,  
And ſo with eaſe are gather'd at the top.

To *Pompey's* army, while they there remaine,  
The ſeueral nations from all parts of Spaine  
(Beſides thoſe ſcattered troops, from *Thapſus* fled,  
Which *Labiennus* there and *Parus* led)  
Adioyne themſelues, the fierce *Cantabrians*,  
That thinke it baſe to yeeld to Nature's hands  
Their liues, as if beſtow'd for warre alone;  
*Gallecians* ſkill'd in diuination,  
The *Callaicians* too, whoſe men intend  
Nothing but warre, and ſtill in rapine ſpend  
Their ventrous liues, uſing the womens hands  
To all workes elſe, to ſow and plow the lands:  
From old *Ilerda*, that ſo lately try'd  
Romes Ciuill warre, comes ayd to *Pompey's* ſide;  
From *Minus* bankes come bold *Aſturians*,  
From golden *Tagus*, *Luſitanians*,  
Pierce *Cererans*, *Alcides* Souldiers,  
The light-arm'd *Vaſcon*, that no helmet weares:  
And *Contani*, that in their drinke expreſſe  
Theſelues deriu'd from wilde *Maſſagetes*,

## The fifth Booke.

Their greatest thirst with horses blood they flake,  
The Celtiberians, that mixt birth did take  
From Gaules and Spaniards; who doe euer burne  
Their friends dead bodies, and extremely mourne,  
(Accounting it the worst unhappinesse)  
If Wolves, or Vulturs their dead limbs should seize.  
From Sucro's banks come Hedetan supplies,  
And from the lofty Towers of Setabis;  
The Vettones, the Orettanians too,  
And th' ensignes of Parnassian Castulo,  
With all the Spanish Nations else, whom looke  
Of old dead Pompey to the warre did moue.

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### Annotations to the fourth Booke.

<sup>a</sup> This Arsinoë, which had in the tumult of Egypt bene  
saluted Queene by the Souldiers (as was before declared) and  
afterwards by Cæsar apprehended, and here led in Triumph  
(according to Dion) and released at the suit of her sister  
Cleopatra then Queene of Egypt, was afterwards mur-  
dered by the same Cleopatra (as Iosephus reports) for Cle-  
opatra in the time of Marcus Antonius the Triumvir, did by  
her cruelty extinguish the royall blood of the Ptolomeys, and  
impatient of any that might afterwards prove rivals to her  
in that government, did not onely poison young Ptolomey,  
her brother, whom Cæsar had made her husband, but caused  
her sister Arsinoë to be murdered as she was at her Devotion  
in the Temple. Iosephus lib. 15. de antiqu.

<sup>b</sup> This Iuba (saith Plutarch) was happy in his captinitie,  
and losse of his so great an inheritance, for at Rome he obtai-  
ned happy education, and in stead of a barbarous Prince, be-  
came a learned and judicious writer: he is mentioned by di-  
uers of those ages; hee wrote Commentaries of the Libyan  
Kings,

## The first Booke.

Kings, and diuers obseruations of his owne times; he was industrious in the study of natural Philosophy, and searching the natures of herbs and plants: he was the first that found out the vertues and malignity of the herbe Euphorbium, and called it by the name of his chiefe Physician: he serued Augustus Cæsar in his warres against Marcus Antonius, and was afterwards by his bounty restored to a Crowne (though not to all the Dominions of his father) and married Cleopatra the daughter of Marcus Antonius and Cleopatra. Strab. l. 17.

c Pharnaces had escaped by flight, and was slaine by Alexander, who rebelled against him, to whom he had committed the government of Bosphorus in his absence: so that his person was not led in Triumph; the conquest of Pharnaces (saith Dion) though it were not glorious by reason it was so easily obtained, yet Cæsar much gloried in it by reason of the speed, and that he might carry those three words in Triumph, Veni, vidi, vici, Dion. lib. 42.

d Cæsar was especially magnificent in doing honour (saith Dion) to Venus, whom he accounted, and desired to haue it generally belieued, the originall of his pedigree; from her also (as Appian reports) he would glory he had receiued beauty of body, she being the Queene of Love and Beauty.

e Cæsar after all these Triumphs, and assurances of greatness was yet threatened by a third warre in Spaine: a warre (saith Dion) not to be contemned; nay, farre greater and more full of danger than all his former warres: the battell of Munda (saith Florus) for fury, slaughter and cruelty, as much exceeded Thapsus, as Thapsus did Pharsalia, &c.

FINIS.

# THE GIBBONS

My dear Mr. Gibbons,

I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well. I am also well and hope this finds you the same.

I have been thinking much of late about the future of our country and the state of our Union. It seems to me that we are passing through a critical period in our history and that the result will determine whether we are to remain a united people or become a collection of warring states.

I believe that the only way to preserve our Union is by maintaining a strong central government and by supporting the principles of liberty and justice for all.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
John Adams



# THE SIXTH BOOKE.

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## The Argument of the sixth Booke.

Varus by Didius on the stormy Maine  
Is vanquished : Cæsar arrives in Spaine,  
And raises Pompey's siege from Vllid's walls;  
He takes Ategua : both Generalls  
Remov'd from thence, the warre to Munda beare :  
Cæsar's despaire ; but mans unuſuall feare ;  
A bloody conquest they at last obtaine,  
Young Pompey, Varus, Labienus ſlaine.

**B**Ut ere the Tragicke warre ariu'd in Spaine,  
And did with blood the continent distaine,  
The Ocean bore it, and was first the Stage  
Of this third fury, and reuiued rage :  
There where th' extended Lybian coast did meet  
Almost with Spaines Tartessus, Varus Fleet  
Guarded the straightened Sea in Pompey's name;  
Thither for Cæsar Didius Navy came :  
Two shores their fury at one distance saw,  
Fearing to whether land the warre would draw;  
But Affrick bled before ; what did remaine  
Of Romes dissention, Fates decreed to Spaine :  
That narrow point of Sea on all foure sides  
Great Lands from Lands, great Seas from Seas diuides,  
In breadth the Libyan continent and Spaine,  
In length th' Iberian and great Westerne maine,

## The sixth Booke.

The Nauies scarce their furious fight began,  
When all in waues the threatning Ocean  
Swell'd vp; and they encounter'd from the Sea  
As great a danger as the warre could be.

The Southerne wind from Tingitania blowes;  
And from the Westerne Ocean *Cornu* role;

y Fierce *Boreas* met them from the Spanish coast,  
And now the Sea on euery side was tost:  
Their severall waues the different winds did moue,  
As if that *Æolus* and *Neptune* strove.

A warre so sad and wicked to prevent,  
Or drowne both Fleets while they were innocent.  
But greater was their dire desire of fight  
Than was the Oceans rage, or winds despight:  
To impious warre through stormes as rough they goe  
As would the greediest venturing Merchant doe  
For Parma's wealthy fleeces, Spaines rich ore,  
Or brightest gemmes from th' Erythrean shore.

But when no space almost at all diuides  
Both eager Fleets, the rowers take their sides,  
Tugge at the oare, and (though the Ocean rages)

With armes vnweary'd cut the curled waues:  
The horrid showting of the Souldiers drown'd  
All noyse of rowing, and shrill Trumpets sound.  
Yet all these sounds, and all the noyse of warre  
The winds, and louder stormes out roared farre,  
With which, and Darts, the aire is darkned round;  
Ships against Ships, beaks meeting beaks resound:  
Some by their owne endeouours meet their foes,  
Others the winds and stormy Seas expose  
Before they thought; to triall of the warre,  
Dashing together with more fury farre  
The aduersé Ships, than else they would haue met,  
Now grew the horror and confusion great:

Their

## The sixth Booke.

Their feares were different, some, while others fought,  
Repair'd those ruines which the storme had wrought,  
And stopp'd their leaking ships, preventing so  
The certaine danger of a nearer foe:  
Nor could stout *Didius* now his Spouldiers cheere,  
Or guide his Fleet; the tempest euery where  
Is onely heard; but leauing his commands,  
Puts all into the winds and Fortunes hands;  
No more could *Varrus* for young *Pompey* doe:  
Guided by chance against each other goe  
Th' amazed Fleets; some vessels sides bor'd through  
By sharpe and brazen stemmes; nor doe they know  
Surely to whom they doe their ruine owe,  
Whether the weathers fury or the foe.  
Nor did confusion of all sounds affright  
The eares alone; but through that horrid night,  
Which shore-black clouds, & skies tempestuous brought,  
With no small terror the wing'd lightning shot:  
No other light to them the day could giue;  
No other fire in such a storme could liue.  
Some Ships now almost taken by the foes,  
The swelling sea with violence orethrowes,  
And vindicates their honour from surprise;  
Some sinke, when boarded by the enemies,  
Drowning the victors, and the vanquish'd see  
A quicke reuenge of their captiuitie.  
Fortune did seeme against both sides to fight  
A while, and wreake in common her despight,  
But long it held not; She at last decided  
The day, and shew'd for whom she had prouided  
So great a labour of the troubled Maine;  
And *Cesar's* forces a full conquest gaine:  
Though *Didius* blush it should be thought that he  
Ow'd to such ayds as those, the victory.

## The sixth Booke.

*Varrus* perceiues the Fates themselves conspire  
On *Caesar's* side, and forced to retire  
When now he saw part of his haplesse powers  
Orewhelm'd, part seized by the conquerours,  
With his poore remnant flies, and gets into  
*Carteias* harbour; thence by land to goe  
To *Pompey's* Campe, *Pompey* at *Vlla* stay'd,  
And siege in vaine to that strong Citie lay'd.

*Caesar* with more than his accustomed speed  
(By which his great designs did still succeed)  
Hastis to the warre in Spaine, and gone from Rome  
In seuentene dayes was to *Sagunthus* come,  
That true *Sagunthus*, whose so Tragicke fall  
Did once vpbraid the Heauens, and enuy call  
Vpon their iustice, till th' offenders fate,  
And small ruine of the Punike State  
Absolu'd the gods againe: with Chrystall waues  
The Cities Westerne side faire *Durias* laues,  
Clothing with verdant grasse th' adioyning plaine,  
And gently slides into th' Iberian Maine,  
His quicke arriual, vnexpected there,  
With sudden ioy did all the Souldiers cheere:  
With speed as great from thence he marches on  
Thorough the Celtiberian region,  
Nor *Duria's* streame, nor mount *Idubeda*,  
Nor *Sucro's* rapid flood his course could stay,  
Nor that high glittering Mountaine, that for same  
Of his great wealth retaines the siluer name:  
From whole descent rich *Bætis* takes his head;  
Along the shore of *Bætis* *Caesar* led  
His cheerefull Souldiers on to *Corduba*;  
Either to take that wealthy Towne, or draw  
*Pompey* from *Vlla's* siege; the first in vaine  
*Caesar* assay'd, the last he did obtaine:

## The sixth Booke.

For Pompey straight, although within the Towne;  
His brother Sextus lay in Garrison,  
Abandons Villa, and 'gainst Caesar goes;  
Who from the walls of Corduba arise  
Before his foes approach, loth there to try  
The utmost hazard of a warre so high.  
But passing thence ore Salus streame, does lay  
With more successe, siege to Ategua,  
And winnes the Towne, mangre the feeble ayd  
*Munatius* brought: but there while Caesar stay'd,  
A faire ostent the gods were pleas'd to shew,  
A cowering Eagle long ore Caesar flew,  
Till seeming weary, with a faire descent  
It gently perch'd on young *Octavius* tent,  
Who follow'd then his Father to the warre.  
A good presage the augurs all declare,  
And not alone to shew the warres successe,  
But young *Octavius* future happinesse:  
But not so soone, alas, could they foresee  
The full effect of this faire augury:  
How many ciuill wounds did yet remaine  
Ere Rome with patience brooke a Caesar's reigne,  
And for her safety be inforc'd to flye  
To Great *Augustus* happy Monarchy?  
For thee, great Prince, and thy insuing State  
Was Rome oppress'd, and *Julius* fortunate;  
For thee were *Marius* crimes, and *Sylla's* wrought:  
For thee was *Thapsus* and *Pharsalia* fought,  
That Rome in those dire Tragedies might see  
What horrid dangers follow'd libertie:  
And thou at last a welcome conqueror,  
Might'st those high titles without enuy weare  
Which mighty *Julius* with a toyle so great,  
With so much blood and enuy striv'd to get.

Thou

## The sixth Booke.

Thou then anew that powerfull State shalt mould,  
And long the Worlds high Scepter safely hold,  
Above all riuals plac'd; thy god-like State  
No force shall shake, when shutting *Lanius* gate,  
Thou shalt set ope the sacred Thespian spring,  
And there securely heare the Muses sing,  
Whose stately layes still keepe thy deathlesse fame,  
And make immortall Great *Augustus* name:  
Nor euer did the Arts so truly reigne,  
Nor sung the Muses in so pure a straine  
As then they did, to grace thy glorious time;  
As if the Muse before lack'd power to clime,  
Or else disdain'd her highest notes to raise,  
Till such a Monarch liu'd to give the Bayes.

Griev'd for *Ategua's* losse, and fearing now  
That other Townes would, following Fortune, goe  
To *Cæsar's* partie, and his cause forsake,  
*Pompey* relolues with all his strength to make  
A speedy triall of a warre so great,  
And on one hazard his whole Fortune set.  
To *Munda's* fatall fields was *Cæsar* gone;  
Thither young *Pompey's* army marches on:  
The Towne was his; and neare the Towne, arose  
An high and spacious hill; where *Pompey* chose  
T' incampe his men; from whence he might suruay  
The plaines below, where *Cæsar's* army lay.

No prodigies forespake the blacke event  
Of that dayes wondrous battell, no oſſent  
At all was shov'd from seas, earth, aire, or skits,  
No entrailes spake, no birds gaue auguries:  
Those sad protents, that vs'd to strike a feare  
At other times in men, were spared there.  
Yet were their feares farre greater; they suspect  
The silence of the gods, loth to detect

## The sixth Booke.

So great a ruine as did then ensue:  
Horror invades their breasts, although they knew  
No cause from whence those strange amazements grow,  
No inward signes appear'd, their threatnings now  
Were inward all; they make, by first surpris  
Within themselves a thousand prodigies.  
In *Pamphy's* campe th' amazed Souldiers  
Sad silence kept, distraught twixt desprate feares,  
And tragicke hopes, pale horror to their eyes  
Seemes to present the future Tragedies,  
And the deare ghosts of slaughter'd friends appeare:  
Yet know not they whether themselves should feare,  
Or hope their hands should make th' ensuing Fate.  
On one side *Cæsar's* Fortune does abate  
Their confidence too much, on rother they  
Resolue, overcome, nor to outlive the day:  
But (Oh strange Fate!) the bold *Cæsarians*  
Grow faint and heartlesse; and those active hands  
That had so often drawne their Countries blood,  
And 'gainst all Lawes for *Cæsar's* fortune stood;  
That had before to their successfull toiles,  
Promis'd the Worlds sole sway, and wealthy spoiles  
Of euery nation, quake, and falter here,  
Nor from each other can conceale their feare.  
How deare this field would cost, what 'twas to goe  
Against the fury of a desperate foe,  
Their trembling thoughts reuolue; nor to their friends  
Shame they to vtter it; those dauntlesse minds,  
That met with ioy *Pharsalia's* dreadfull day,  
Those that at *Thapsus* bartell could not stay  
The Generals command; preuening there  
The signall, now both fight and signall feare.  
But that the feare, which did his Campe invade  
Might not seeme strange, *Cæsar* himseife was sad

Before

## The sixth Booke.

Before the battell, and that cheerefull look  
That vsuall vigour, whence his Souldiers tooke  
Happy presages still, was changed there;  
Nor did his wonted confidence appeare;  
Perhaps reuoluing the vncertaine Fate  
Of things, and frailty of man's highest state,  
And how vnceffant Stormes doe bear vpon  
The lofty Cedars, leaues to feare his owne  
By other mighty falls so lately wrought;  
Of Fortune elle presenting to his thought  
Her many fauours, and his long success,  
He weigh'd the time of Pompey's happinesse,  
Who in her fauour claim'd as great a share  
As he could now, before Pharsalia's warre,  
That he arriued now as high in State  
As Pompey was; might faare Great Pompey's Fate;  
Whose fall (though wrought for him) had let him see  
Fortunes great power, and strange vnconstancy:  
But lest his sadnesse should too much dismay  
The Souldiers hearts before so great a day,  
He recollects himselfe, and with faun'd cheare,  
And forced lookes, taught to dissemble feare,  
Thus to his army speaks; Victorious troops,  
On whose knowne valour more than *Cæsar's* hopes,  
His certaine State depends, see here in Spaine  
This fainting *Hydra* yet shoots forth againe  
His last weake heads; let that Herculean might,  
That lopt the first and strongest off in fight,  
Make perfect your great labour, which requires  
The last hand here: of all your large desires  
You are free masters, when this field is fought,  
Though all the World for fresh supplies were sought,  
In Fortunes power it lies not to expose  
Your quiet Stage againe, or finde you foes,



## The sixth Booke

But what are these that once againe should dare  
Molest our peace with v unexpected warre?  
What can these barbarous false-arm'd Nations doe?  
Or what vnfaign'd affection can they owe  
To Pompey's side? or doe they feare his name,  
And haue not heard enough of Caesar's fame?  
Haue not the warres by old Ilorda taught  
Our strength to Spain? what Roman powers are brought  
Thither, but young raw Souldiers, and vnskill'd  
In Military arts, that nere beheld  
A foe before? and those poore few that know  
The warre, are such as haue beene led by you;  
And bring more feare than helpe vnto their side:  
Will *Pavus* troops your well-knowne strength abide?  
Or that so often vanquish'd runnagate  
False *Labienu*, long maintaine the Fate  
Of his young Generall? Braue Souldiers on  
Perfect that worke that is so nearely done,  
His speech no shout, no acclamation findes,  
Nor could it raise their sad dejected mindes:  
And though, the signall giuen, all Trumpets sound;  
And Pompey's army from the vpper ground  
Make downe to charge, the cold *Cezarians*  
Dare not approach, nor follow the commands  
Of their great Generall, when *Caesar* fill'd  
With griefe and rage, seizing a Speare and Shield;  
This day, quoth he (no more my Souldiers)  
Shall end the life of *Caesar*, and your warres;  
Remember when you leaue, then forth he flies  
Alone to charge th' amazed enemies;  
Who, till their wonder was expell'd by hopes,  
A while made stand, at last from all the troops  
Gainst *Caesar's* head whole stormes of Iauelins come;  
Some in his Shield lie does receiue, and some  
Auoids,

## The sixth Booke.

'Auoids, declining of his body downe  
Till shame, not courage, brought his Souldiers on  
To save their Generall: and 'gainst the foe  
They doe begin a fight so furious now,  
As if with this new rage they would appeare  
To recompence their ignominious feare.  
Th' axiliary troops on either side  
Gave hacke, and left the battell to be try'd  
By none but Roman hands; who man to man,  
And foot to foot a constant fight began  
With so great horror, as who had beheld  
Pharsalia's fight, or Thapsus bloody field,  
Would haue esteem'd those furies light, and thought  
Me nere saw warre till Munda's field was fought.  
Both Generals alike 'twixt hope and feare,  
With needlesse speeches their fierce Souldiers cheare,  
Till weary'd with the royle, they both retire,  
And from two little hills behold the dire  
Encounter of their men; when *Caesar's* eyes,  
That dry, had view'd whole Nations tragedies,  
Began to melt; and whilst bright victory,  
Ore both the armies hover'd doubtfully,  
*Caesar* and *Pompey* had forgot their hopes,  
And onely pity'd their engaged moopes;  
Fearing both armies in the place would die,  
And leaue no conquest, but one tragedy.  
A balefull silence on the sudden then  
Possess the field, no shouts of fighting men  
Were heard; as if they labour'd to keepe in  
Their sp'rites for action; hands alone were seene  
To moue, and write in bloody Characters  
Their deepe resolves: young *Pompey's* Souldiers  
Beyond this day disdaine to hope at all,  
And *Caesar's* men promise, in *Pompey's* fall

## The sixth Booke.

To all their toyles a rich and quiet close,  
And that the World no more can find them foes,  
At last the batrels fortune seem'd to leane  
To Pompey's side, and Caesar's fainting men  
Gaued backe aspace, nor scarce with all their might  
Could the Centurions stay their open flight:  
When Caesar arm'd with high despaire, preparing  
The fatall Ponyard, which he wore, and baring  
His manly brest, thus speakes, Oh Fortune, now  
I see thou wants not power to overthrow  
What ere thou build'st: but I accuse not thee,  
Enough already hast thou done for me:  
Enough haue thy transcendant fauours grac'd  
My liues whole course: should'st thou not change at last  
Perhaps the erring World might censure me  
More than a man, and thee no Deitie:  
I that so long haue thy high fauours knowne,  
Can thus securely entertaine thy frowne.  
There had he dy'd: but as kind mothers doe  
Ofte let their children neare to dangers goe,  
That then, when they perceiue them most afraid,  
They may the more endears their timely ayd:  
So Fortune finds an vnexpected way  
To saue his Fate; whilst yet his men made stay  
And kept the field, King Bogud, that without  
The battell stood, wheelles suddenly about  
To seize young Pompey's Campe; which to preuent  
Leauing his station, Labienus went,  
And with him drew sixe cohorts from the fight:  
Which action chang'd the batrels fortune quite;  
Whilst haplesse error through both armies flew,  
And Pompey's battell suddenly orethrew;  
For misconceit that Labienus fled,  
Had quite disheartned his owne side, and bred

## The sixth Booke.

In *Cæsar's* Souldiers most assured hopes:  
Not could young *Pompey* stay his flying troops,  
Too late (alas) it was to make them know  
What haplesse error caus'd their ouerthrow;  
For routed once ore all the field they flye  
A prey to the pursuing enemy.

Vnhappy *Attius Varus*, where he stood  
Enuiron'd round with carcases, and blood;  
*Varus*, that twice before a warre had led  
'Gainst *Cæsar's* fortune, and twice vanquished,  
When he had labour'd long in vaine to stay  
His flying men, loth to out-live the day,  
Or longer keepe that often-conquer'd breath,  
Now rushes boldly on, to finde a death  
Amid'st the thickest of his enemies,  
And gladly there on all their weapons dyes,

But when (alas) sad *Labienus* view'd  
How great and swift a ruine had ensu'd  
Vpon his haplesse action, cursing Fate  
And his owne dire misfortune, too too late  
Seeking to rally his disorder'd troops,  
He cries, 'tis I, that haue vndone the hopes  
Of wretched Rome; 'tis I haue lost the day:  
Through this dire brest take your reuenging way,  
And explate this fatall ouerthrow,  
Or *Cæsar's* swords shall take reuenge for you:  
Then (like a Libyan Lion round beset,  
Arm'd with a high despaire and rage as great)  
Carelesse of wounds or weapons forth he goes  
To sell a loathed life deere to his foes:  
Till by a thousand swords at last he dies,  
And to the shades his angry spirit flies.  
*Pompey* perceiues his army ouerthrowne,  
And now the losse irreparable growne,

And

## The sixth Booke.

And though he see no cause that should inuile  
Him to out-lie the fury of the fight,  
His owne fresh youth perswades him to entertaine  
A future hope to raise his State againe :  
High mounted on a Spanish Steed he flies  
(Leauing in field his routed Companies)  
With speed, Carteia's harbour to attaine,  
And saile from thence : but to disastrous Spaine  
Sterne Fates the death of this young man decree ;  
And he ere long the selfe same destiny  
Forc'd to endure on Spaines vnhappy ground  
That his great Father in false Egypt found.

His brother, *c* *Sextus* scap'd from that sad day,  
Fortune long hides in Celtiberia  
To raise his State againe, againe to breathe  
Fresh warre and ruine after *Cæsar's* death,  
And once againe with faction rend the State  
In that sad time of *Rome's* Triumvirate.

The fight was done, and nothing now ensu'd  
But impious rage and murder ; the pursu'd  
To *Pompey's* Camp and *Munda's* walls (alas)  
For refuge fled, but vaine that refuge was.  
So horrid now was the *Cæsarians* rage,  
That neither pittie could their heat assuage,  
Nor strength defend their wretched enemies  
From their dire force ; on euery side the cries  
And grones of dying men are heard alone :  
Neuer so sauage cruelty was shown  
Against the worst of forraigne foes, as then  
The vanquish'd felt from their owne Countrymen ;  
Which most appear'd, when to surpris the Towne  
(A thing amongst Barbarians neuer knowne)  
The workes they rais'd against it to maintaine  
The siege, were carcases of Romans flaine.

## The sixth Booke.

*Cesar*, that nere before did truly see  
How hard it was to gaine a victory,  
(Since Fortune still his wish with ease had wrought,  
And he for glory, not for life had fought  
Till Munda's field) recounts what he had lost,  
Griewing to finde what this sad conquest cost.  
He sometimes wail'd his owne flaine Souldiers then,  
Sometimes the slaughter'd foes, as Countrimen,  
And wisnes some, to whom he now might show  
His mercy, had surui'd the ouerthrow,  
And almost taxes Fortune, who that day  
Had wrought his ends by such an enuy'd way.  
Never till now did *Cesar's* peniue brest,  
Truly reuolue how tragicall the best  
Successe will be that Ciuill warre affords,  
And how deepe wounds his sadly conquering swords  
Had made in th' entrailes of afflicted Rome.  
Now Thapsus battell, now Pharsalia come  
Into his sad remembrance; and almost  
He wishes all his Triumphs had beene lost,  
Rather than with such horrid slaughter won,  
And that he nere had crossed Rubicon:  
Scarce can the glories, that it brings, out-weigh  
The inward sorrow for so blacke a day.

While thus Great *Cesar's* troubled thoughts were led  
*Cenonius* enters and presents the head  
Of Noble *Pompey*, whose now pittie'd state  
Call'd to remembrance his great Fathers fate,  
In treacherous *Ægypt*; and no lesse than his  
Inforced teares of ruth from *Cesar's* eyes.  
How did he dye (quoth he) relate to vs  
His tragedy: when thus *Cenonius*;  
When Munda's fields strew'd with his slaughter'd troops  
Young *Pompey* saw, and voyd of present hopes,

Fled

## The sixth Booke.

Fled to Carteia, to embarque from thence  
For forraigne coasts, fearing the Citizens  
And our pursuit, he left the Towne againe,  
And quite bereft of all his scattered traine  
Wounded and lame, retir'd into a wood,  
That not farre distant from Carteia stood,  
Hoping the couert of that shady place  
A while might yeeld him shelter from the chace.  
We enter'd in, and long the wood suruay'd  
With curious eyes, and long in vaine we stray'd;  
But farre within a spreading Beech there stood,  
Where weary'd now, and faint through losse of blood,  
Alone he sat, he that had fought so late  
'Gainst thee, Oh *Caesar*, with long doubtfull fate,  
He whom so many Roman legions  
Did lately guard, so many nations  
Obey'd and seru'd, now all forsaken fate  
A sad example of mans fraile estate.  
When I approaching bad him yeeld to me  
In *Caesar's* name: neuer aliue (quoth he,)  
Let *Caesar* see my head, for nere can that  
Be my disgrace, that was my Fathers fate:  
By this vnhappy token let him know  
The heire of *Pompey*, and perceiue a foe  
That might haue proued worthy of his feare:  
So let me goe to him, rather than beare  
A conquerours disdain, or blushing be  
The pittye'd subiect of an enemy:  
Nor shall you finde a prize, so cheape a life  
(Though vanquished) as without any strife  
To send it him: Then with a courage high  
About his strength, about the misery  
Of his forsaken state, among vs all  
He flies, or to preuent, or sell his fall

## The sixth Booke.

Deere as he could; alas, for victory  
Fortune forbid him hope; nor did it lye  
Within the power of his unwilling foes  
To saue that life which he resolu'd to lose;  
But meeting wounds away at last it fled:  
*Cesar*, with sighs, beholds the Noble head,  
Pittyng his fall, and bids *Crassus* beare  
It thence, to finde the body, and interre  
Them both in such a manner, as became  
Th' vnhappy ruines of so great a name:  
And thence, secur'd from feares, marches away  
By *Bætis* streame, to stately *Corduba*,  
Now the *Hereulean* Gades, faire *Hispalis*,  
*Munda*, so lately fatall, *Venubis*,  
*Ategua*, and all the other Townes  
Which fence the wealthy *Bæticke* regions,  
Breathe nought but peace, nor longer to oppose  
*Cesar's* preuailing Fortune, harbour foes.  
Nor doe these onely their subiection yeeld  
To *Cesar*, but the farthest, the most wilde,  
And sauage Nations, rough *Asturians*,  
Fierce *Callaicians*, bold *Cantabrians*  
From all the farthest distant shores of *Spaine*,  
Doe humbly sue his fauour to obtaine:  
The loue they bare to *Pompey's* name before  
Was quite oreborne by Fate, and could no more  
Maintaine a faction against *Cesar's* power;  
Who now a sole vniuall'd conquerour,  
From that subiected coast hasts to be gone  
To visite *Rome*, which now was his alone,  
And there in fearelesse Triumphs to display  
The wofull glories of blacke *Munda's* day.

Annotations



## The sixth Booke.

### Annotations to the sixth Booke.

<sup>1</sup> How truly the manner of this battell is here expressed, or how far it may be lawful for one writing by the way of a Poet to digresse, I leave it to the iudgement of the Reader : and that you may briefly see it without the labour of searching Bookes, thus the cruell battell of Munda by two Historians of credit is described (to omit others for breuity sake.)

Dion Cassius lib. 43. *ions* : At the first consist the auxiliaries on both sides headaway ; but the Roman forces encountering fiercely continued the fight long, not regarding at all what became of their affciats, every man thinking that the whole victory depended upon his hand ; they gave no ground, nor left their stations, but killing, or dying made good the place : there were no clamours nor military shows heard, nor hardly groanes, onely these speeches, strike, kill. Cæsar and Pompey both on horsebacke, from two hills beheld the battell, and knew not what they should resolve, but were equally distressed between feare & confidence. And afterwards thus ; so long and fiercely with equal hopes both armies fought, that unlesse King Bogud, who stood with his forces without the battell, had turned about to surprise the Campe of Pompey, and Labienus had left the battell to prevent him, they had all without doubt died in the battell, or might have parted them upon equall termes.

Florus relates it thus ; Doubtfull and sad was this battell, Fortune seeming to deliberate, and not resolving what to doe : Cæsar himselfe was sad before the battell, contrary to his custome, either considering the frailty of mankind, or suspecting the long continuance of his prosperity, or else fearing the fate of Pompey, being now growne to the height of Pompey ; but in the battell it selfe (what neuer before had beene knowne to happen) while both the armies

## The sixth Booke.

were in their height of fury, a sudden silence, as if by consent, was throughout the field: and last of all (a thing not vsuall in Cæsar's army) the old Souldiers began to giue ground, and that they did not absolutely flye, it seemed to be shame, not valour that withheld them: Concerning the despaire of Cæsar, and this his action, Appian in my warrant, and Florus partly testifies as much.

c Sextus Pompeius did long lurke in Celtiberia, till after the death of Iulius Cæsar he leuied forces, and surprizing the Island of Siciy, hee commanded the Seas in those parts, and saued many Romans that fled to him from the proscription of the Triumviri: he was at last vanquished at Sea by Marcus Agrippa the chiefe Generall for Augustus Cæsar, and slayne in Asia by the Souldiers of Marcus Antonius the Triumvir.

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FINIS.

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# THE SEVENTH BOOKE.

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## The Argument of the seventh Booke.

*What different passions amongst the people rise  
At Cæsar's new transcendent dignities:  
He, to decline the Ennie of his reigne,  
Designes a warre against the Parthian.  
Cassius consules with Brutus to set free  
The State againe by Cæsar's Tragedy.  
The Lords conspire: unto the Capitall  
Cæsar secretly goes (though of his fall  
By fatall prodigies forsoold in vaine)|  
And entring there is by the Senate slaine.*

**T**Hat ciuill fury, that so long had torne  
Romes state, & through so many regions borne  
Her bleeding wounds, it self had wasted now;  
And long'd for peace did seem again to shew  
Her chearefull face; the people hop'd for rest,  
Since now vnriual'd Cæsar was possesse  
Of all the honours, Rome could giue, alone,  
And the World knew no other power but one.  
The ore-joy'd people with it euer so:  
(His power was growne above their enuy now)  
And to the gods they willingly forgieue  
The losse of that vnsafe prerogatiue  
Their libertie, and gladly would adore  
A safe and peacefull Scepter; for the more

## The seventh Booke.

His might in warte their terrours did increase  
The more his vertues now secure their peace:  
No better guardian, with they, to the State  
Than mighty *Cæsar*, whose vnconquer'd Fate  
So long preuail'd 'gainst all opposing powers,  
And crush'd so many great competitor.

Nor doe the poore plebeians wish it so  
Alone; these hopes the weary'd Senate too  
(Except some few) doe harbour with delight,  
And gladly giue consent to *Cæsar's* height:  
They most of all desire a calme, since most  
The highest Cedars by rough stormes are tost;  
They wish the shadow of that freedome gone,  
Whose substance long agoe was ouerthrowne.  
For what since *Marius* times, since *Sylla's* reigne  
Did they of ancient liberty retaine  
But the bare name? For which so deare a price  
They pay'd, and saw so many Tragedies:  
And therefore not alone from flattery,  
But from true ioy to *Cæsar* they decree  
More height of honour, and more state than can  
Fit the condition of a priuate man,  
Lest he perchance might seeme in his owne eyes  
Lesse than a Monarch: to those dignities,  
Which after the defeat of *Scipio*  
He had receiu'd, they adde farre greater now,  
Diuine and humane; that throughout all lands,  
And all the kingdomes which great Rome commands,  
Not onely Sacrifices should be had  
For him, and offerings in all Temples made,  
But Temples to himselfe they doe decree  
To consecrate as to a Deitie:  
But one more sumptuous than the rest, and high  
Erected is to him and Clemency,

## The seventh Booke.

Ioyning their Deities, where hand in hand  
Does *caesar's* image with the Goddess stand;  
And (as his Countries sauiour) euery where  
His rich-wrought Statues oaken Garlands weare,  
They stile him Confull for ten yeares to come,  
Dictator euer, Father of his Rome;  
And that in euery cause, for ample State,  
He, as Supreme, and Soueraigne Magistrate  
Should iudgement giue from a Tribunall high  
Of burnisht Gold and polish'd Iuory.  
That those chaste maids, which keepe the Vestall flame,  
And all Romes Priests should vow in *caesar's* name,  
And for his safety offer euery yeare,  
And he himselfe in robe Triumphall weare  
At publicke Sacrifice; that thanks should be  
Giu'n to the gods for his each victory,  
And the dayes sacred, Who could ere haue thought  
That day, on which *Pharalja's* field was fought,  
Or that of *Thapsus*, or sad *Munda's* warre  
As holidayes should fill the Calendar?  
And *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Pompey's* tragicke falls  
Be kept with ioy as Roman Festiualls?

The moneth *Quintilis*, to his lasting fame,  
(Which gaue him birth) must beare great *Julius* name,  
What more deserued honour could there be,  
More fit, more gratefull to posteritie  
For *caesar's* future memory to weare,  
Than mention in his owne amended yeare?  
That he, whose wisdom from confusion  
Had freed th' accounts of time, and to the Sunne  
Had squar'd his yeare, from all those errors freed,  
Which negligence insensibly did breed,  
In that should liue, while people euery where  
Throughout the World obserue the *Julian* yeare.

And

## *The seventh Booke.*

And more to heighten his transcendant State,  
They make decrees, that euery Magistrate  
Shall (when elected) sweare not to withstand  
What euer *Cesar's* edicts shall command,  
Making his power so great, there's nothing now  
But he himselfe may on himselfe bestow.

What now should *Cesar* feare? What ill successe  
Can shake so strong a grounded happinesse?  
Or what should Rome now in a state so blest  
Suppose can rend her peace, or reauce her rest?  
Askes it a greater vertue to maintaine  
A settled fortune, than at first to gaine?  
Or is it easier to the powers on high  
To glue, than to preserue prosperity?  
Or would the gods else let proud mortals see  
By this so fatall mutabilitie,  
Their fraile estate, and finde the distance so  
Berwixt Celestiall powers, and powers below?  
*Cesar* to mould the State anew begins  
With wholesome Lawes, and by his mercy winnes  
(If mercy could such Enny overcome)  
The peoples hearts, calling from exile home  
Those banish'd Lords that had against him fought  
To make all harred, with the warre, forgot:  
And through the Empires wide circumference  
Extends his bounty and Magnificence,  
Carthage and Corinth here edifies,  
And plants them both with Roman Colonies,  
And not detracting from th' old founders fames,  
Lets them both beare their first renowned names.

But yet suspecting (what the sad euent  
Prou'd true) how hardly his new government  
Will at the first be brook'd, till time allay  
That Enuies heat, that does as yet out-weigh

## The seventh Booke.

His lenity, and nothing more than rest  
Matures the plots of discontented brasts,  
*Cæsar* resolves with speed to entertaine  
An honourable warre to wipe the stain  
Of ciuill blood, by forraigne deeds, away,  
To fetch againe from conquer'd *Parthia*  
(Which yet secure did of *Romes* Trophies boast)  
Those captiue Eagles which staine *Crassus* lost,  
His fixed thoughts on that high action set,  
Vnto a great and frequent Senate met,  
Thus *Cæsar* speaks; Fathers Conscript, had I  
Meant to abuse my power in crueltye,  
As *Cinna*, *Marinus*, and dire *Sylla* did,  
What closest vizour could so long haue hid  
My nature from you? You had found ere this,  
Some fatall signet: but I, that still did wish  
Power, for no other end than to secure  
The vse of vertuous deeds, and put in vre  
Not what my passions but true reason taught,  
In all these warres haue for the publike fought,  
To make my selfe a Guardian, not a Lord  
Of *Rome* and you, and with a conquering Sword  
Keepe out all Tyrants, that might else intrude,  
Working your safety, not your seruitude  
What can this Senate or the people feare  
From *Cæsar's* power, whose mercy euery where  
So many pardon'd enemies haue try'd?  
And, saue in battell, none by me destroy'd:  
Let those suruiuing witnesses relate  
How I in warre haue vs'd my prosperous Fate;  
Let *Scipio's* papers burn'd, vnread by me  
(After the field of *Thapsus*) testifie  
How loth I was to finde in *Rome* a foe:  
And rather chose my dangers not to know,

But

## The Jewentb Booke.

But still to live in danger, than to be  
Secur'd by slaughter and severitie:  
Nor, but enforce'd, witnesse ye gods of Rome,  
To this sad ciuill warre did *Caesar* come,  
And was compell'd (though loth) to conquer more,  
To purchase that, which I deseru'd before,  
For which ten yeares successfull I fought  
Against the Gaules, and all those regions brought  
Vnder the power of Rome, which lye betwene  
The Pyrenæan hills, the German Rhine,  
And Brittain Seas; nor did the German Rhine,  
Or Brittain Seas my victories confine,  
Which flew beyond them both, and crossing ore  
(Where neuer Roman Eagles perch'd before)  
I taught the Germans there our yoke to carry,  
And made the painted Brittaines tributary:  
For which my Triumphs Enuy did deny;  
To winne for Rome was made a crime in me.  
Had not my foes vngratefull iniury  
Turn'd backe those conquering armes on Italy  
They had, perchance, Fathers, by your command  
Ere this subdu'd the farthest Easterne land.  
Our name the Indians, and eam'd Medes had knowne;  
The Persian Sufa, and proud Babylon  
Had felt our strength, nor on the Parthian coast  
So long had *Crassus* vnreuenged ghost  
Complaining wander'd: That designe for me  
Rests now to act (so you the warre decree.)  
When first the Spring dissolues the mountaine snow,  
And Western winds vpon the waters blow;  
When with his golden hornes bright *Taurus* opes  
The chearefull yeare; shall these victorious troops  
Aduance against the Parthians, and there dye,  
Or fetch those Eagles home with vi glory

Which



## The seventh Booke.

Which *Cyffus* lost: till then you need not feare  
The insolency of the Souldier,  
That their disorder'd licence here at home  
May any way disturbe the peace of Rome.  
My care already has (besides the spoyle  
Of forraigne foes) rewarded all their toyles  
With those great summes, which here so lately  
(Perchance much enuy'd) ras'd in Italy  
To keepe them still, and did not feare to buy  
With mine owne Enuy your security.

Then, Conscript Fathers, if your wisdomes shall  
Esteeme of *Caesar* as a Generall,

Fit to reuenge the Roman infamy

'Gainst Parthia's pride, decree the warre to me:

I am your Souldier still, nor ere has ought

But Romes renowne by all my toyles beene sought:

You shall perceiue that *Caesar's* Souldiers are

Not onely fortunate in Ciuill warre.

*Caesar* had ended; when the Fathers all

To such a warre, and such a Generall

Giue glad consent, and with one voyce decree

The Parthian warre to *Caesar's* auspice.

But Fates deny what they so much desir'd;

The date of *Caesar's* glory was expir'd,

And Fortune, weary'd with his Triumphs, now

Reuolts from him; more ruine and more woe

Was yet behinde for wretched Rome to tast:

Nor can their quiet happinesse out-last

The life of *Caesar*, whose approaching Fate

More Ciuill warres and wounds must expiate;

No vertue, bounty, grace, nor clemency

Could long secure vsurped Soueraignty:

For more that power to Citizens borne free

Distastfull was than benefits could be

Sweet

## The Twelfth Booke.

Sweet and delightfome : which fooner haften'd on  
Th' vntimely death of *Caesar*; Nor alone  
To this confpiracy did hatred draw  
His ancient foes, as *Pontius Aquila*  
*Bucolianus*, and *Cecil'us*,  
*Ligarius* pardon'd once, and *Rubius*,  
*Seruilus Galba*, *Sextus Naso* too,  
*Spurinus*, with many of the faction mee:  
But euen 'mongst *Caesar's* friends dire Envy wrought;  
And to his slaughter bold *Trebonius* brought  
*Calpurnia*, and *Clodius*, and *Minutius*,  
His seeming friends; nor then, Oh *Cassius*,  
Could *Caesar's* fauour, nor thy Pretorship  
Of Rome obtain'd, from this dire murder keepe.  
*Decimus Brutus* too, so highly grac'd,  
And in so neare a ranke of friendship plac'd  
With *Caesar*, to whose trust and gouernance  
The wealthy prouince of Transalpine France  
*Caesar* had left, enuying his Patrons power,  
Among the rest is turn'd conspirator:  
Nor seems the knot of this great faction yet,  
To be of strength enough, vnlesse they get  
Young *Marcus Brutus* in, who then did sway  
The prouince of Cisalpine Gallia,  
Colleagued with *Cassius* (as Rome's Pretors then,  
And high in *Caesar's* grace: this braue young man  
For his knowne vertues and admired parts,  
In all the peoples discontented hearts  
Did seeme most thought of, and mark'd out to be  
The vindicator of lost libertie:  
Nor did they hide it, but in libells wrote  
On his Pretorian cell, exprest their thought,  
Taxing his courage as degenerate  
From th' ancient *Brutus*, who first freed the State

## The Jewells Booke.

Of Rome from Monarchy; as if the same  
Of such an act could suit no other name,  
And he by fatall birth condemn'd to be  
An Actor now in *Caesar's* Tragedy.

Now had a *hamnusian Nemesis* possist  
In all her blackest formes, the vengefull brest  
Offieric *Cassius*, and did wholly sway  
His eager thoughts, impatient of delay:  
Who, by nights silence, enters *Brutus* house;  
Him there he findes alone, and anxious,  
Wailing his Countries Fate, and sadder farre  
Than when the feare of this great Ciuill warre  
First seiz'd the peoples hearts, and frighted Rome  
Was fill'd with fatall prodigies: to whom  
*Cassius* begins; Oh why should *Brutus* spend  
That pretious time in thought, which he should lend  
In adiuue ayd to his sad Countries need;  
That would againe by *Brutus* hand be freed.  
See what the peoples longing thoughts expect  
That thou should'st worke for them; marke the effect  
Of what they write on thy Prætorian Sell;  
There may'st thou reade that (though contented well)  
They look'd no farther than for vaine delights  
(As Libyan huntings, and Circensian fights)  
From other Prætors, they expect from thee  
A benefit, no lesse than libertie;  
Can *Brutus* thinke that *Caesar*, while he liues,  
Will ere resigne so great a power, who strives  
To make it more his owne; and not content  
With a Dictator's name and gouernment,  
An Office oft bestow'd, while Rome was free;  
Aymes at more certaine markes of Monarchy,  
The Regall Crowne and Scepter, thinking all  
The Senate giues, cause they can giue it, small?

## The seventh Booke.

Why were the Tribunes else, for taking downe  
From *Cæsar's* Statue, late, a golden Crowne,  
Depos'd? Or what could he by law alleage  
Against their persons sacred privilege?  
Did lewd *Antonius* put a Diadem  
On *Cæsar's* head, to be refus'd by him  
In publike onely, and not there to try  
How we would all allow his Monarchy?  
Besides a thousand more ambitious arts,  
He daily findes to sound the peoples hearts;  
His death the period of his pride must be,  
And must with speed be wrought: for if, till he  
Returne triumphant from the Parthian warre,  
We should delay our vengeance, harder farre,  
And with more enuy must it then be done,  
When he more honour and more loue has wonne;  
To shake off *Cæsar's* yoke this is the time,  
Or make it not our owne, but Fortunes crime:  
The Noble *Brutus* sigh'd; Oh *Cassius*,  
If Heauens (quoth he) haue not allotted vs  
A longer date of freedome, how can we  
With feeble armes controule their high decree?  
They, that in Affricke, Spaine, and Thessaly  
Condemn'd the cause of Roman liberty,  
Will not protect it now: and better farre  
It should be lost in faire and open warre,  
From whence at first it sprung, and grew so high,  
Than to be sau'd by secret treachery,  
Such as the ancient Romans scorn'd to vse  
'Gainst worst of foes. Noble *Fabritius*,  
When conquering *Pyrrhus* threaten'd Rome, disdain'd  
To free his Countrey by a traitours hand,  
Aduenturing rather Romes sad ouerthrow  
By open warre; nor 'gainst a forraigne foe

Were

## The Tenth Booke.

Were these respects obseru'd alone by vs :  
What greater traitour than *Sertorius*,  
And foe to Rome? Yet he by treason slaine  
On base *Perpetua* stucke a lasting staine :  
What hope was there that one so deepe in blood  
As was that Butcher *Sylla*, euer would  
Resigne his reigne to be a priuate man?  
Yet who 'gainst *Sylla*'s life attempted then?  
Twixt whom and *Caesar* was as great an ods  
Almost, as twixt the Furies and the gods.  
As much as those then liuing Romans were  
Too timorous, too base, and prone to beare  
A Tyrants yoke, as much, for this, shall we  
Be indg'd ingrate to *Caesar*'s clemency :  
And those old men will more accuse our crime,  
That can remember *Sylla*'s bloody time :  
But I ( of all accurst ) that so much owe  
To *Caesar*'s fauours, am condemned now  
To be a subiect, or from seruitude  
To free my selfe by foule ingratitude :  
Oh what a torture my distracted brest  
Suffers, twixt two such sad extremes oppress?  
Oh why, when dire *Pharsalia*'s field was fought,  
And I disguis'd in common armour sought  
To reach his life, before I was descry'd,  
And sau'd by *Caesar*, had not *Brutus* dy'd,  
And free descended to the shades below?  
Or if my ayme had hit, one happy blow  
Had reieu'd Rome from thrall without a staine  
(Vlesse Great *Pompey* had vsurp'd a reigne)  
And had not left our liberty to be  
Thus poorely wrought by secret treachery :  
Oh, stay a while our vengeance, *Cassius*,  
See what the gods, and Fate will doe for vs,

## The seventh Booke.

Or what ere long our fatall enemies  
The Parthians could doe. *Cassius* replies,  
Could *Brutus* then be pleas'd, the Parthian foe  
Again should triumph in our ouerthrow?  
To haue, with publike losse, and infamy  
That wrought for vs, which may with honour be  
(And Rome yet safe) by our owne hands archieu'd.  
In all thy reasons, yet, thou art deceiu'd,  
Mistaking grounds of things, thou dost conclude  
Impartiall iustice soule ingratitude:  
For if the deed be iust, no benefit  
Receiu'd, should hinder thee from acting it;  
That were corruption, not true gratitude:  
The greater fauours *Caesar* ere has shew'd  
To thee, the more thy iustice will appeare  
In that the publike good thou dost preferre:  
'I would make much honour from a deed so high,  
If *Caesar* had beene knowne thine enemy:  
Nor could an act, wherein thy private hate  
Had borne a share, so much oblige the State:  
To purchase honour, and our Countries good,  
Private respects of friendship or of blood  
Must be forgot and banish'd; is that old  
*Brutus* through all succeeding times extoll'd,  
By whose strict iustice his owne sonnes did dye,  
That sought againe to bring in Monarchy?  
And art thou bound to suffer *Caesar's* reigne?  
What would old *Brutus* doe, if here againe?  
Or vnto thee can *Caesar's* fauour seeme  
A greater bond than nature was to him?  
Nor canst thou terme it secret treachery  
If by our hands vsurping *Caesar* dye,  
Since Fate of warlike power has vs bereft,  
And no meanes else to worke our freedome left.

Should

## The Tenth Booke.

Should we a while deferre the action,  
It cannot be, perchance, hereafter done  
But with dishonour and base Treasons stainè;  
When we before haue both approu'd his reigne:  
For in the Sibils books 'twas lately read,  
The Parthians neuer can be vanquished  
But by a King; which in the peoples eares  
Is told already; and his Flatterers  
By them would haue it publicly desir'd,  
Our voyces, *Brutus*, will be then requir'd,  
Which we with greatest perill must deny,  
Or else for euer lose our liberty.

When *Cassius* had with his perswasive art  
Fully confirm'd young *Brutus* wauering heart  
To this sad deed; a noyse at doore they heare;  
*Decimus Brutus* now was enter'd there,  
And all the rest of that conspiracy:  
Where 'mongst themselues the fatall knot they tye,  
By mutuall othes; striuing (alas) in vaine  
By *Cæsar's* death that freedome to attaine,  
Which was for euer banish'd by the doome  
Of Fate, and neuer to returne to Rome  
Though often sought; In stead of freedome now  
More desolation, Tragedies and woe  
After this slaughter must againe ensue;  
And all the people that dire action rue  
Which they desir'd. *Philippi's* balefull day,  
*Perusia's* siege, and fatall mutine,  
With *Leuca's* fleet shall make afflicted Rome  
Truly lament ore slaughter'd *Cæsar's* Tombe.

The balefull Ides of *March* approaching nigh,  
Ordain'd by Fate for this great Tragedy,  
Th' Etrurian Augurs, who diuine by sight  
Of slaine beasts entrails, and the various flight

## The seventh Booke.

Of Birds, in *Cæsar's* danger were not dumbe,  
But boldly told what they foresaw to come.  
The Ides of *March* *Spurinna* bids him feare;  
Nor did the Earth, the Aire, or Skies forbear  
Presaging signes, (if any signes could lend  
Meanes to preuent what destinies intend;  
Affrighting voyces in the Ayre were heard;  
The Sunne himselfe in threatening formes appear'd,  
Sometimes, as if he wept, his glorious head  
With a blew Raine-bow round inuironed;  
Sometimes quite dimm'd, as if he fled the sight  
Of men, and meant to make eternall night,  
The windy Spirits through earth's corne cauerns break,  
Floods change their courses: beasts 'gainst nature speak.  
The swelling *Poe* oreflowes th' adioyning plaine,  
And to his channell suddenly againe  
Retiring backe, thousands of monstrous Snakes,  
Which he brought forth, vpon dry ground forsakes.  
The Sea, that had orewhelm'd a part of land  
By *Tyber's* mouth, retiring, on the sand  
As many fish did in like sort forsake:  
But nearer signes great *Cæsar's* death fore-spake.  
Those stately Steeds, which, when the warre begun,  
He crossing ore the streame of *Rubicon*,  
Had consecrated, and for euer freed  
From future seruice of the warre, to feed  
At liberty along the *Chrysell* flood,  
And quiet wander through the shady wood,  
For many dayes before their Lord was slaine,  
Did, of themselues, their pleasant food refraine:  
Their mourning eyes prelaging sorrow shew'd,  
And all the pasture fields with teares bedew'd.  
The little regall Bird, the day before,  
Flying along, a sprig of *Laurell* bore



## The seventh Booke.

Within her mouth; whom straight a multitude  
Of Birds from out the neighbouring wood pursu'd,  
Till she had enter'd *Pompey's* Court, and there  
The Laurell'd Bird did all to peece-teare.

That night, that usher'd forth the fatall day,  
Was come, and with her darknesse did display  
Prodigious feare, bringing in stead of rest,  
A sad disturbance to each wakefull brest;  
Throughout the Palace, where great *Cæsar* slept  
His last, the armes of *Mars*, which there were kept,  
Were heard to yeeld a horrid ratling sound,  
Clashing together of themselves; and round  
About the house the doores flew ope at once;  
The ayre of night was fill'd with dismall groines;  
And people oft awaked with the howles  
Of Wolves and fatall Dogges; ill-boding Owles,  
Night-jarres, and Ravens with wide-stretched throats  
From yews, and holleys send their balefull notes,  
The shrieches, wailings, and all cryes were heard  
Of euery fatall and affrighting Bird.  
Shape-faining *Morpheus*, in the dead of night,  
Sent from the King of rest, with speedy flight  
Entring the Palace, to *Calphurnia*,  
Who sleeping in her Lords embraces lay,  
Presents his slaughter'd figure in such wise  
As vnto all th' amazed peoples eyes,  
The next day's Sunne must show, all stain'd with blood  
Before the bed she dreamt her *Cæsar* stood,  
His visage pal'd with death: that robe of State,  
Which neuer foe before could violate,  
All torne, through which his gaping wounds appeare:  
*Calphurnia* weepes, then shriekes aloud for feare,

## The seventh Booke.

And stretching ore the bed her louing armes  
To embrace the flying shade, though free from harmes  
She finde her Lord, who was awaked now,  
Scarce dares she trust her waking senses so  
As she beleeueth the vision; in her thought  
So much that too prophetike dreame had wrought.  
*Cesar* with kisses wipes away her teares,  
And askes the cause of her so sudden feares:  
She trembling yet, the fatall dreame declares  
Which had disturb'd her sleepe (nor could the cares  
That rose from thence, he banish'd) with the story  
Mixing fresh teares, and louing oratory,  
Persuades her *Cesar* to remember now  
What th' Augur's skills so lately did fore-show,  
And what the learn'd *Spurinna* bad him feare  
From th' ides of *March*, which now (ill) present were:  
She begges of him he would forbear to goe  
That morning to the Senate, and bestow  
That one poore day, if not vpon his owne  
Deare safety, yet vpon her feares alone:  
And grant to her as much, as to a wife  
Was due, of int'rest in a husbands life.  
That he those Spanish guards would entertaine,  
Which had so lately bene dismiss'd, againe:  
That safe preuention of a danger neare  
Was Noble still, and could be stiled feare  
No more than scorning the gods threats could be  
True fortitude or magnanimitie.  
*Cesar* replies, Ah deare *Calpurnia*,  
Dearer to me than that life-breath I draw,  
Would'st thou forbear thy griefe, it could not lye  
Within the power of any prodigie

## *The seventh Booke.*

To make this day a sad one, should I here  
Begin to learne that superstitious feare  
Of fatall dayes and houres, what day to me  
Could ere hereafter from such feares be free;  
I onely should my wretched life torment,  
And not my destin'd time of death preuent,  
But liue for euer with vaine feares discas'd  
When ere Astrologers or Augurs pleas'd:  
Euery beasts entrailes were a care to me,  
And flight of euery bird a malady.  
If *Caesar's* danger grow from discontent  
Of Rome, not one dayes absence can preuent,  
Nor scarce reprieue my Fate, and once to dye  
Better than euer feare conspiracie:  
What good can strongest guards on me conferre  
But make me liue perpetuall prisoner?  
Why should I feare the peoples discontent,  
Who now enioy vnder my gouernment  
More wealth, more safety, and prosperitie  
Than by my death they could? The death of me,  
That haue already reach'd the height of all  
Glory and State that can to man befall,  
And wrought my farthest ends, can neuer be  
So much mine owne as their calamitie,  
Who will againe with Ciuill iarres be rent,  
And with a safe and settled gouernment:  
Oh doe not feare thy dreame, *Calphurnia*,  
Nor sad presages from such trifles draw:  
If dreames were fatall, Loue, sleepe were not rest;  
Since most our cares would be by sleepe increast:  
But if they were presages, tell me then,  
For our two dreames to night haue different beene,  
Which

## The seventh Booke.

Which should preuaile? Me thought I flew above  
The lofty Clouds, and touch'd the hand of *Ioue*,  
And to my selfe did seeme more great and high  
Than ere before: what but felicitie  
Should this portend? I dare not now suspect  
In calmest peace, those powers, that did effect  
My roughest warres; Oh let no sad surmise  
With causelesse griefe distaine *Calphurnia's* eyes.

*Aurora* now from *Tithon's* purple bed  
Arose, and th' Easterne sky discoloured  
Gave cheerefull notice of th' approaching Sunne;  
When forth, through Rome, th' officious clients runne,  
The Palace all with early visitants  
Was fill'd, to wait when *Caesar* would aduance  
Forth to the Senate, striving to be seene  
Neere th' earthly Sunne, and in his rayes to shine:  
Some to doe grace, and grace receiue from him,  
Some, like malignant clouds prepar'd to dim,  
Or in eclipse eternall bury quite  
Before the set of *Phabus*, *Caesar's* light.  
Among the rest did *Decimus* attend  
With fained seruice, and the name of friend  
To Fatall ends abusing, hasten'd on  
Perswaded *Caesar* to destruction;  
Though, ere they goe, the Sacrifices all  
Threatning and blacke appear'd, and did appall  
The fearefull Priests, who from those entrailes show  
Portent of dire calamitie and woe:  
Some Bulls they could not at the Altar stay,  
Who breaking thence fled through the streets away;  
In others, which were slaine and open'd there,  
None but th' infernall gods deign'd to appeare:

The

## *The seventh Booke.*

The hearts were perish'd, and corruption flow'd  
Through all the vitall parts, blacke was the blood,  
The burning entrailes yeelded onely fume,  
No flame at all, but darkely did consume,  
Mouldring away to ashes, and with blacke  
Vnsauoury clouds through th' aire a darkenesse make.  
But *Cæsar*, maugre what the entrailes threat,  
Vndaunted passes on (how wondrous great  
Is Destiny?) and as he goes, neglects  
That Scroll presented to him, which directs  
The whole conspiracy: which, as of small  
Import, he pockets vp not read at all,  
And enters *Pompey's* bloody Court, led on  
By powerfull Fate to his destruction:  
Where ominously receiu'd, he mounts his high  
Dictator's Sell of Gold and Iuory:  
The Lords obeisance make in humblest wise,  
When different passions in their breasts arise,  
Euen those bold hearts that vow'd his Tragedy,  
Almost relent: the mans great Maiesty,  
That awfull fortune that did still attend  
His deeds, in all extremes a constant friend  
Produce a feare & encounter discontent;  
Nor doe their fancies onely him present  
Inuincible in open field, as when  
He stood enuiron'd with his armed men:  
But such as when alone he wrought his ends,  
Ayded by none but Fortune, as his friends,  
As when he scap'd th' *Ægyptian* treachery,  
When he appeas'd his Souldiers muteny,  
Or when the stormy Seas he cross'd ore  
By night, and safely reach'd *Brundisium's* shore:

And

## The seventh Booke.

And why should not that friendly Fortune now,  
As then (thinke they) preuent his ouerthrow  
And to their ruine quite defeas their plot.  
But shame forbid them to relent; the knot  
Among too many conscious breasts were ty'd  
To let them start; and on the other side  
Reuenge encourag'd by the multitude  
Of Actors, enter'd, and all feares subdu'd,  
First to his Sell bold *Cimber* made approach,  
And seiz'd his Purple robe; at whose rude touch  
While *Caesar's* wrath together with amaze  
Began to rise, the rest from euery place  
Drawne neare, no longer hiding their intent,  
The fatall Ponyards to his breast present;  
The first wound on him *Caeca* did bestow,  
Whose Ponyard *Caesar* wresting, to his foe  
Returns a stabbe backe for the stabbe he gaue,  
Striuing in vaine with one poore strength to saue  
A life assaulted by so many hands;  
No succours could approach, no guard, nor bands  
Of ayding friends were nigh; that courage quite  
Was lost, that nere was lost before in fight;  
Vntill enfeeble'd by a deeper wound,  
And by innading death enuiron'd round,  
Hopelesse he hides his face, and fixed stands  
T' endure the fury of reuenging hands  
Repressing grones or words, as loth to name  
His former life, or dying, staine the same  
Of those great deeds through all the World exprest,  
These silent thoughts reuolting in his breast:  
Yet has not Fortune chang'd, nor giuen the power  
Of *Caesar's* head to any Conquerour,

## *The seventh Booke.*

By no Superiours proud command I dye,  
But by subiected Romes conspiracy:  
Who to the World confesses by her feares,  
My State and strength to be too great for hers,  
And from earths highest Throne, lends me to be  
By after-ages made a Deitie:  
Through many wounds his life disseized, fled  
At last, and he, who neuer vanquished  
By open warre, with blood and slaughter strew'd  
So many lands, with his owne blood embrew'd  
The seat of wronged Iustice, and fell downe  
A sacrifice to appease th' offended gowne.

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**FINIS.**

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